

COMMENT OF  
THE DAY

Defence Plan

THE basis of perhaps one of the most profound and far-reaching defence schemes in the long history of Commonwealth co-operation was laid at the London Premiers' Conference earlier this week. Indeed on the results of past conferences it would be hard to imagine that such a comprehensive plan in such an advanced stage of development could have emerged after little more than a week's deliberation. Essentially its purpose is to provide the Commonwealth military command with the means to defend British possessions from all forms of attack. In planning this new defensive scheme the Premiers have accepted that Western superiority in nuclear weapons constitutes a formidable deterrent to any wanton act of aggression and they proceeded from there to plan for two likely contingencies. First, the global war, which involves the reorganisation of existing schemes and an allocation of spheres to different Dominions to harmonise and integrate Commonwealth defence with the defence plans of its allies.

THE other envisages a mobilisation and concentration of all existing forces, military, political and economic, to counter the "small war" threat. This latter plan, however, recognises the existence of a new form of warfare which by different processes (other than purely military tactics) seeks the same aim of domination and conquest.

This new concept of defence planning is one which Britain and the Commonwealth have slowly and painfully evolved in the bitter campaign in Malaya and it is the plan which will undoubtedly form the basis for the defence of the Southeast Asian region. In this respect Britain has prepared a blueprint not only for Commonwealth defence but for Southeast Asian and possibly also Middle Eastern defence. Basically its aim is to stop every possible form of Communist encroachment. Its effect would be to seal off the Democracies hermetically from all Communist machinations. As such it is a remarkable and unique concept which may be a decisive factor in converting the cold war to a complete stalemate and a gradual acceptance of co-existence.

# US Defence Of Formosa: Query On Commitments

## Situation Rated As De Facto Ceasefire

Washington, Feb. 11. Officials studying ways of easing the crisis today suggested that the Formosa situation seemed to have lapsed into a state of "de facto ceasefire" with the Tachens evacuation.

These officials declined to discuss the contents of a new message from Communist China on Formosa authoritatively reported here to have been in the form of a personal letter from Premier Chou En-lai to Mr Dag Hammarskjold, the United Nations Secretary-General. Asked to suggest what now appeared the best course towards agreement on a Formosa ceasefire, one official said: "It seems to me that with the evacuation of the Nationalist garrison from the Tachens islands, a de facto ceasefire actually exists. Whether it lasts one day or one week is another matter, but while we are trying to reach a formal accommodation with the Chinese Communist Government, we must be governed by the actual situation. That situation at this moment seems to be that there is no particular military activity between the forces opposed in the Formosa area and the offshore islands. That seems to be as much as we can hope for at the present time."—Reuter.

### SENTENCE IS QUASHED

London, Feb. 11. A sentence of dismissal from the service on fraud charges passed against Major Leslie Clayton last September, has been quashed, the British Army Southern Command announced here today. An Aldershot general court martial found Major Clayton guilty on 11 charges of fraudulent conversion of Egyptian currency entrusted to him between September, 1951 and January 1952. Major Clayton, 46, was stated to have had 15 years' army service and won the Military Cross on D-Day. He denied the charges of converting money entrusted to him by another officer.—China Mail Special.

## STATE DEPT REFUSES TO ENTER CONTROVERSY

Washington, Feb. 11.

The State Department today refused to be drawn into a new controversy about whether the United States was committed to defend the offshore Chinese islands of Quemoy and Matsu.

The Department's spokesman, Mr Henry Suydam, at a press conference would go no further than to repeat his statement last Saturday that the United States would defend Formosa, the Pescadores and "such related positions and territories" which the United States deemed to be essential to the security of the main Chinese Nationalist outposts.

Mr Suydam had been asked to comment on: 1. The statement yesterday by Dr George Yeh, the Nationalist Foreign Minister in Washington, that the United States was pledged to defend all the offshore islands including Quemoy and Matsu, as well as Formosa and the Pescadores. 2. An American news agency report from Formosa quoting an unnamed American official as saying that President Eisenhower had given an informal assurance to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek that the United States would, in fact, defend Quemoy and Matsu.

Mr Suydam would not comment directly and said he could go no further than to repeat his statement last Saturday that to protect Formosa and the Pescadores, the United States Government would extend assistance to the Republic of China in defending such related positions and territories as the United States deemed to be essential for this purpose. Asked if the United States had by now decided which related positions were essential for the defence of Formosa and the Pescadores, Mr Suydam replied: "I think I had better confine myself to what I have just said."

Later Dr Yeh sought to clarify the statements he made yesterday. He told reporters that the United States would decide itself whether it would fight for "any or all" of the Nationalist-held coastal islands. "But from our point of view these are Chinese islands," he added. "We also have to exercise our judgment."

The situation developed when reporters asked Dr Yeh yesterday, after a farewell call at the State Department, what "pledge" he was carrying back

home from the United States for the defence of the offshore islands. Explaining today he said: "I made the answer, 'all the related positions and territories which are deemed necessary for the defence of Formosa and the Pescadores.'"

"Someone tried to pin me down. 'I said it could mean all or any of the offshore islands. Throughout my interview I never used the word pledge,' he said. 'That was in the question.'"

Dr Yeh said he was trying to follow the language of the Congressional approved Formosa defence resolution in formulating his reply.—Reuter.

## NATO For Middle East?

London, Feb. 11.

Sir Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, will visit Baghdad in March to discuss with Nuri Said, the Iraqi Premier, the creation of a Middle East defence organisation in which Britain would take part, informed sources said tonight.

The Foreign Secretary will call at Baghdad early next month on his way back from the Bangkok conference on Southeast Asian defence. The defence system for the Middle East would be organised around the proposed Turkey-Iraq pact and the Turkish-Pakistan pact. Informed sources said Sir Anthony had three main objects in view: (1) To persuade Iran to join either the Turkey-Iraq or Turkey-Pakistan pacts or both. He will discuss this with the Shah of Iran who will be visiting London next week. (2) To induce Colonel Abdel Gamal Nasser, the Egyptian Premier, to lessen his opposition to the proposed Turkey-Iraq pact. Sir Anthony, it is understood, would like Egypt to join this pact when the time is ripe. The Foreign Secretary is scheduled to meet Colonel Nasser in Cairo on February 19. (3) To convince Israel that the projected defence system is not directed against her but that it is destined to meet the danger of a Soviet aggression, Israel has already received assurances on this point.

Sir Anthony's visit to Baghdad followed a few days later by an official visit to Ankara, is intended to show Britain's interest

in the defence of the Middle East, informed sources said.—France-Press.

## EVACUATION COMPLETED

Tachen Island, Feb. 12. The last Chinese Nationalist soldier left Tachen Island Friday night aboard an American LST.

All that was left on the island were demolition and engineer crews which were completing the destruction of all installations and fortifications on the island. The withdrawal of the Nationalists from the former key defence outpost off the Red China coast was completed well ahead of schedule, with only a few minor incidents.—United Press.

## Plotters Sentenced

Paris, Feb. 11. A Hungarian court in Budapest today sentenced two people to life imprisonment and one to 13 years' imprisonment for plotting to overthrow the government, the Hungarian News Agency announced.—France-Press.

## YOUR WEEK-END READING

Here is a guide to your week-end reading:  
P. 5: World's Strangest Story, "Death in a Hansom Cab" by Julian Holland; Don Juan to become a saint by Charles Warrington; Glee.  
P. 6: "Bluff Was My Armour" by Bolt Magner; Chapter two of the story of how two German POWs escaped from a British prisoners' camp in India; Scientists probe new secrets of our world, by Robert Glendon.  
P. 7: The concluding chapter of the series on "Secrets of International Crime" by A. J. Forrest; David Lewis invites two more guests to dinner—this time it's Mrs Gerald Legge and Peter Delany.  
P. 8: "Hidden Mysteries of the Undersea Jungle"—another exciting chapter by Jean Foucher O'Brien. This week he fights a green Moray Eel to the death; William Hickey at Margot Fonteyn's wedding; Chapman Pincher on keeping fit at 40; RAF men go about hunting with radar, by Les Armour.  
P. 13: Touring the world on £15. A young English grammar school student, Richard Wilson tells how he did it; J. W. Taylor looks back at the yearlong Farnborough air show when aircraft flew at 37 m.p.h.

## TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapiet"	By "The Turf"
<b>RACE 1</b> Thunder Sky Gladious Kerrera Outsider: First Lady.	<b>RACE 1</b> Thunder Sky Kerrera First Lady Outsider: Yat Kwong.
<b>RACE 2</b> How Do I Know Honey Dew Flying Dutchman Outsider: Good Girl.	<b>RACE 2</b> How Do I Know Dreadnought Hurry On Outsider: Atomic Caesar.
<b>RACE 3</b> Speedy Roger Avoca Fighting Spirit Outsider: Fox Hunter.	<b>RACE 3</b> Speedy Roger Fox Hunter Avoca Outsider: Thousand Miles.
<b>RACE 4</b> Knock-again Crackerjack Beautiful Lie Outsider: Norseman.	<b>RACE 4</b> Knock-again Crackerjack Norseman Outsider: Marietta.
<b>RACE 5</b> Ringway Marine Charger Tiny Grey Outsider: Easy Slam.	<b>RACE 5</b> Citation Another Victory Easy Slam Outsider: Ann Hing.
<b>RACE 6</b> Rowanglen Desert Gold Many Returns Outsider: Rider's Wish.	<b>RACE 6</b> Rowanglen Rider's Wish Ironside Outsider: Many Returns.
<b>RACE 7</b> Gabriel Jinks Beat That Clonckle Outsider: Fenchurch.	<b>RACE 7</b> Beat That Clonckle Gabriel Jinks Outsider: Beautiful Star.
<b>RACE 8</b> Roue d'Or Mourne Easy-going Outsider: Tune-phone.	<b>RACE 8</b> Tune-phone Manx Penny Mourne Outsider: Route d'Or.
<b>RACE 9</b> Conqueror Oceanic Sky Free Success Outsider: Jetfield.	<b>RACE 9</b> Jetfield Conqueror Free Kick Outsider: Oceanic Sky.

## Official Findings On Two Comet Disasters

London, Feb. 12.

An official court of inquiry found today that structural failure of the pressure cabin, brought about by fatigue, was the cause of the disaster to a Comet jet air liner which plunged into the Mediterranean off Elba a year ago.

The court found "it was at least possible" the same circumstances caused a second Comet disaster in the Mediterranean on the following April. A total of 60 people were killed in the accident. The Comet—pride of Britain's civil aviation—has been grounded since the second disaster.

Lord Cohen, the judge who presided over the public enquiry into the crashes, said in his report published today that de Havilland, makers of the plane, would no doubt ask for a certificate of airworthiness for the new Comets, once various measures had been applied and tests completed.

### JUDGE COHEN'S HOPE

Lord Cohen said it would not be desirable for him to say anything that might in any way limit the discretion of the Air Registration Board. He added: "But I may appropriately express the hope that this procedure will reassure the public as to the integrity of pressure cabins and will justify Sir Arnold Hall's confidence that the Comet aircraft will fly again." (Sir Arnold Hall, Director of Britain's royal aircraft establishment, which carried out extensive scientific wrecking tests on Comets to find the

cause of the disasters, was a key witness at the inquiry.) Lord Cohen found that the accident to the Comet which crashed in January, 1954, was not due to default or negligence by anyone. The plane had been properly maintained and was airworthy as far as could reasonably have been ascertained at the time.

Lord Cohen's report said no positive answer could be given to the question of what was the cause of the accident to the second Comet because it had been impossible to salvage much of the plane. But the fact that the accident occurred in similar weather conditions at about the same height and about the same time after a take off from Rome, made it "at least possible" that the cause was the same.

On guarding against future accidents to high altitude pressurised planes, the report said: "The problem of securing an economically satisfactory, safe life of the pressure cabin of an aircraft needs more study, both in design and by experiment if the lightest possible safe structure is to be achieved."

"Methods must be devised of insuring that design, combined with a reasonable programme of tests, can guarantee that pressure cabins of transport aircraft will be entirely safe."

## AGA KHAN ILL

Cairo, Feb. 11. Doctors were called in tonight to the bedside of the Aga Khan where illness was reported to be causing "great anxiety." The Aga Khan arrived here from Upper Egypt two days ago.—France-Press.

## Pflimlin Agrees

Paris, Feb. 11. M. Pierre Pflimlin, of the Christian Democratic Party (MRP), tonight agreed to accept post of Premier and to try to form a government.—France-Press.

SANTAL SOAP  
ROGER & GAILLET  
PARFUMS  
PARIS

Packed with power!  
New HIGHER OCTANE  
IC-PLUS  
CALTEX  
Brings New Life to your Engine.  
OCTANE MEANS POWER

Sequel to Sport  
Every sport has its special lingo, from polo to pole-vaulting, from deck-tennis to squash. Yet strange to say, there are few phrases to describe that pleasant part of all, when a man cools off in the clubhouse and holds his inquest on the game. Golf has its Nineteenth Hole, of course; but cricket has no Eleventh Wicket, or rugby a Third Half.  
Perhaps it is not so strange after all. For how can words really describe the bliss of sinking into a deep chair and relaxing the stiffened muscles one by one? Or of rewarding the parched tissues with that first long glass of Rose's Lime Juice, cooled to the frosting point?  
ROSE'S Lime Juice  
—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE



# KING'S \* PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

## SHOWING TO-DAY



**DAWN AT SOCORRO**  
The story of the LAST OF THE FRONTIER GAMBLERS!  
Technicolor  
RORY CALHOUN - PIPER LAURIE  
DAVID BRIAN - KATHLEEN HUGHES - ALEX NICOL

EDGAR BUCHANAN - A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Added Attraction — On The Stage  
The Famous Australian Dance Team  
"BETTINE and JUDD LAINE"

2.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. Shows Only — Regular Prices

## TO-MORROW EXTRA MORNING SHOW

(Admission: \$1.00 & \$1.50)

KING'S — 11.30 a.m.  
Gregory Peck in  
"THE MILLION POUND NOTE" — Technicolor

PRINCESS — 11.00 a.m.  
VARIETY PROGRAMME  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
by 20th Century-Fox

NEXT CHANGE



A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



★ FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY ★  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.  
ON PANORAMIC SCREEN



COMMENCING TO-MORROW



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.  
M-G-M's Triumph

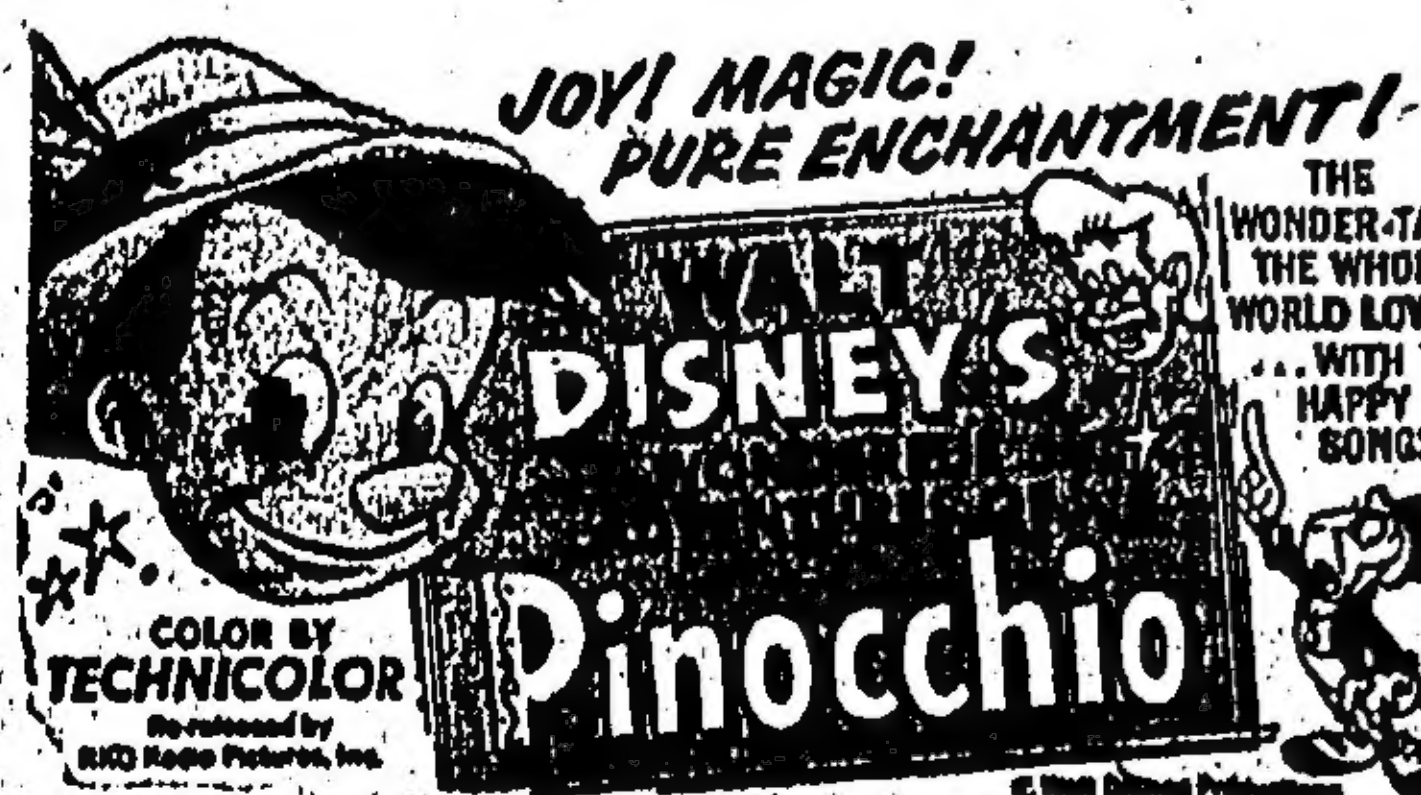
BY REQUEST "SCARMOUCHE"

Stewart Granger Eleanor Parker  
Janet Leigh Mel Ferrer  
In Technicolor At Reduced Prices!

**HOOVER** SHOWING TO-DAY  
2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

NOW IN

CINEMASCOPE



Sunday at 12 noon. Admission 70 Cts., \$1.00 & \$1.50.  
Errol FLYNN and Ronald REAGAN in

"DESPERATE JOURNEY"

# FILMS — CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

## The New Films At A Glance

### SHOWING

**CAPITOL and LIBERTY:** "Tennessee Champ". Prize fighter and his exploiters. Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn, Dewey Martin.  
**KING'S and PRINCESS:** "Dawn at Socorro". An indoor western. Rory Calhoun, David Brian, Piper Laurie.  
**HOOVER:** "Pinocchio". A Walt Disney full length cartoon re-released in Cinemascope.  
**LEE:** "La Vie Parisienne". A Parisian music hall from 1900 to the present day. Claudine Dupuis, Philippe Lemaire.  
**NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD:** "They Who Dare". War-time mission to Greece. Dirk Bogarde, Akim Tamiroff.  
**QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:** "Three For The Show". A musical adapted from a Maugham story. Betty Grable, Jack Lemmon, Marge and Gower Champion.  
**ROXY and BROADWAY:** "Prince of Players". The life of Edwin Booth. Richard Burton, Raymond Mamey, Maggie McNamara, John Derek.

### COMING

**CAPITOL and LIBERTY:** "Gypsy Colt". A little girl and her pet horse. Ward Bond, Frances Dee, Donna Corcoran.  
**KING'S and PRINCESS:** "Sabrina". Light comedy involving the chauffeur's daughter and the sons of the house. William Holden, Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn.  
**KING'S and PRINCESS:** "Rains Into Laramie". A western. John Payne, Dan Duryea, Mari Blanchard.  
**HOOVER:** "Madame DuBarry". The rise and fall of the favourite. Martine Carol, Glenna Maria Canale.  
**NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD:** "Jesse James' Women". The label on this package fits the contents for once. Peggie Castle, Donald Barry, Jack Beutel.  
**QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:** "A Star is Born". Show business, its romance and its tragedy. Judy Garland, James Mason, Jack Carson.

"The Tennessee Champ" is one of the most unusual pictures I've seen for a long time. I couldn't quite follow the story, but at least it made an entertaining film. Keenan Wynn is a boxing promoter, a long way from being straight, but at the same time far removed from being bad. A born gambler, he stakes everything on building up a boy he's saved from drowning, into a champion. There are snags however. The boy is completely honest, will never take part in a fixed fight and wants to use boxing to preach religion from the ring.

When Keenan Wynn is trying to persuade the boy to go into boxing, the punch line, in reply to Dewey Martin's protestations that he doesn't care to, and only wants to have sinners is "Then this is it, sinners are as thick as flies in the night game". Shelley Winters counts along in the picture as a sort of Jimmy Cricket to Keenan Wynn's Pinocchio. Whenever he does something particularly questionable, she pops to wave an admonitory finger at him. He doesn't always obey the voice of this wisely conscience and even when he does often succeeds in outwitting her in another mildly crooked way, yet the affection between them is warm and real.

Keenan Wynn is a superb actor and a joy to watch in anything. This might be said of heart-of-gold role made to order for him. Living among fighters and rough characters of every description has given him wife a hard exterior, but her 24-carat heart is likewise unalloyed, while Dewey Martin puts a sincerity into his role that doesn't detract in any way from the ruggedness of his fighting.

This whole picture could have been rather offensive. That it isn't due to the director's registered by all three principal characters every time the subject of religion occurs. The lack of sentiment and naughtiness is noticeable and effective.

### INDOOR WESTERN

"Dawn at Socorro" is a good indoor western. If you're tired of endless gallops over the desert and gun fights with the protagonists blazing away at each other from behind conveniently placed rocks, yet still get a thrill from the wild west, then "Dawn at Socorro" will hold your attention.

A hacking tough hardly seems to be in character for a romantic gambler, consumption being extremely pitiable but hardly glamorous, and when, in the middle of a poker game, Rory Calhoun gives way to an attack we wonder if (a) it's a cover for a clever card switch or (b) it means that he's destined for an early death, which in turn subdivides into speculation as to whether he'll beat the hangerman, or succumb defending the right. Later, our suspicions that it's an organic weakness are dispelled and we discover that the cough has been caused by the mere

glimmerings of a bullet in the lung. Curiosity as to which will last longer, the picture or Calhoun, is tickled by a doctor telling him that unless he gives up his gambling and girl friends and moves out of the dusty desert to the higher ground, his days are numbered.

In spite of not carrying a gun, the very much a man of action and it's apparent that this advice is not welcome — we all back and await results.

I found the scene in which he throws his own funeral party rather amusing though possibly some people may feel it's not in the best of taste. Something I did find a little bizarre was the contemptuous playing of the Moonlight Sonata in the middle of it all, at the request of one of the dance hall hostesses.

Opinions may be equally divided over Piper Laurie, the good little girl trying to play Jezebel. I wonder where they dug up a christian name like Piper—perhaps the girl's continual air of bewilderment has something to do with dislike of the name.

### SUNDY VILLAINS

There are sundy villains knocking about and an un-western note is struck by making Rory Calhoun and Alex Nicol enemies, not because of one having taken the other's girl or killed his mother, but because Nicol, weak, though with

glimmerings of honesty still, represents the strength in Calhoun's character.

David Brian makes a suave heavy, subtly suggesting a better education than is allowed the usual gambling hall proprietor.

Chief among the smaller parts is that taken by Edgar Buchanan. As the sheriff of Socorro who has nothing personal against Calhoun, merely wish to get this fire cracker out of his territory before somebody else exploits him, he's a riot.

The long night at Socorro before Calhoun takes the dawn train out is tense with expectation. You know he won't get shot in the back because his enemies want to make the killing look legitimate, but the suspense is all present.

Everyone gets more drunk and more nervous and Buchanan's expression longer and longer and the final showdown comes when Rory Calhoun and David Brian draw a straight five cards each for the rich Casino and Piper Laurie. The many gamblers in Hongkong will love this scene.

It's strange how there's still drama left in that hackneyed slow walk down the deserted street with the filmy-eyed desperadoes coming implacably each for the rich Casino and Piper Laurie. The many gamblers in Hongkong will love this scene.

If you saw "Pinocchio" when it was first released you won't need any urging from me to repeat the visit. If you didn't, then don't miss it this time.

Although all Disney's feature-length cartoons are intended primarily for children, the characters very often express adult sentiments and J. Worthington Cloudberry, a sly fox, as well as the stately moral cracker, Jiminy, have their counterparts in real life.

The songs, too, are just as often danced to by parents as hummed by children and although the ideas are simply put over it will be a very hard case indeed who will yawn through "Pinocchio".

### LIGHT-HEART

"They've done their best to make "La Vie Parisienne" represent its title and in many places it has gaiety and sparkle.

"La Vie Parisienne" is a French music hall and we first step over its threshold in 1900—the prosperous days of unlimited champagne, cigarettes lit with banknotes and pistols at dawn.

The young man through whose eyes we view this shallow world is Philippe Lemaire as the son of the old French family de Barleux.

"Purposely" overacting, his up-appears first as a supercilious fop with a reputation for gallantry and lavish spending.

Bored with the lovely ladies for whose entertainment he pays every evening, he falls in love with a singer at the music hall and, plucked at her disinterest, changes identities with a coachman who regularly drives her home.

This is the bare outline of the beginning of the picture, which, in the manner of French films, is packed with small incidents, many irrelevant, but all contributing to the background of the times.

It's a light-hearted picture and if it appears a little over-long there are two very attractive people to watch in the principal parts.

At times the humour is broad, to say the least, but the subtlety of the light touches the titling copy glosses over the implications. In all the main parts it is faithful to the dialogue, however, and even someone with no French at all couldn't fail to follow the plot.

In the present day sequences Left-bank Intellectualism is being amusingly and there's some really good jazz played. I thought I detected some Beechet introduced into the sound track in one of the cellar club scenes but haven't been able to discover if I was right.

One thing I would like to see: a French film about cabaret that doesn't sneeze Offenbach's Can-Can in somewhere.

"Prince of Players" has not been previewed and as it started only yesterday I have not yet had a chance to see it. I hope to remedy this before next Saturday and with an eye on the cast list anticipate an interesting afternoon.

### NOTHING GOES RIGHT

Perhaps the fact that the "Gift Horse", one of the four-funnelled Lease-Lend destroyers in commission again for the first time for fifteen years, is the escort of the convoy on her way to Britain is a bad omen. Nothing, at any rate, seems to go right with her.

An engine breakdown brings the order to proceed independently to Londonderry. When they get ashore, the luck of the "Gift Horse" follows the members of her crew. Several are involved in a fight with ratings from Captain Dr's ship and the severity of their subsequent punishment breeds resentment against their Captain, Trevor Howard.

Somewhere along the line the title of this picture has been changed from the name bestowed on the old ship, to "Glory At Sea"—a change for the worse I feel. The film is showing at the Empire next week.

The crew, a mixture of the raw and the seasoned, find several occasions to look their particular gift horse bitterly in the mouth before they and it become an efficient fighting partnership.

Besides Trevor Howard you'll see some friendly faces among the crew, Richard Attenborough, Sonny Tufts and Bernard Lee being smart, patriotic and understanding respectively, there's also Don Bryan for laughs.

As a yardstick with which to measure its possible appeal for you, it's comparable with "In Which We Serve".

Suspense is the keynote of "The Stranger", on now at the Empire.

In a sleepy little town in New England a fugitive feels that as a quiet professor of history in a boys' school, and married to the daughter of a distinguished judge, he has effectively covered the tracks leading from his previous career outside the law.

Orson Welles is the wanted man. Loretta Young his wife, and the patient "stranger" waiting for him to make one injudicious move and give himself away is Edward G. Robinson.

### UNSOPHISTICATED

"Gypsy Colt" is for the unsophisticated and under this heading I do not place the un-critical or easily pleased.

Ward Bond and Frances Dee, the parents of Donna Corcoran, are forced by shortage of money to sell the latter's colt "Gypsy" and most of the picture is concerned with the horse's three tries to escape from his new owner and get back to his adored young mistress.

(Continued on Page 17 Col. 2)

# QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

## SHOWING TO-DAY



## TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S

5 SHOWS

"Three For The Show"

EXTRA PERFORMANCE  
AT 11.30 A.M.

ALHAMBRA

At 11.30 a.m. Only

Columbia's Technicolor

"RED BERET"

with Alan Ladd  
Reduced Prices:  
\$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

# ROXY & BROADWAY

## ★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:  
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

No woman has ever lived until she has known something of a love like this!



BOOK EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW  
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon  
Bing CROSBY  
Joan FONTAINE  
in "EMPEROR WALTZ"  
In Technicolor  
A Paramount Picture  
Reduced Admission  
BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
PROGRAMME  
In CINEMASCOPE  
Presented by  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ROXY: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70c. BROADWAY: \$1.20 & 70c.

# EMPIRE

## TO-DAY

AT 2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

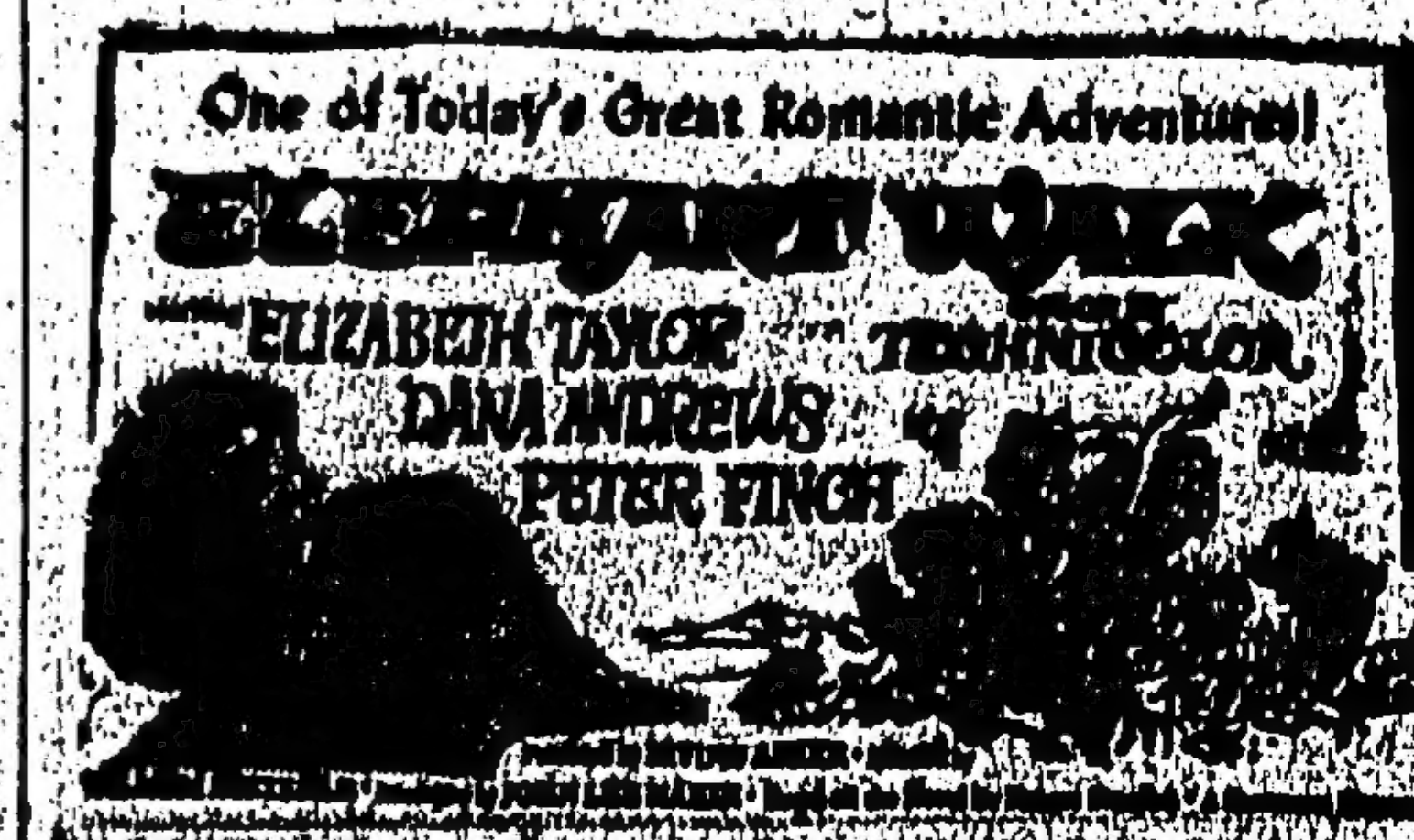


ALSO LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWS

# RITZ

## SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.





## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

# The Amazing Story Of Dr Perlman HE GOT HIS NINTH DEGREE (MEDICINE) AT 64!

New York.

An intern who received nine college degrees in 34 years while working as a chiropodist said today he hoped to begin practising medicine soon after he turns 65 next June.

Dr Louis Perlman, who is also a lawyer, teacher and linguist, is believed to be the oldest intern on record in this country.

He is serving his internship at Beth David Hospital, where he delivered the first set of twins last June. Only the other day he diagnosed his first case of chicken pox and he frequently stays up all night to do ambulance duty.

Dr Perlman said he was aware of the fact that he was starting a strenuous medical career at the age when many doctors consider retiring. But he wanted to be a physician all his life, he said, and he will not give up now just as his ambition is being realized.

## Worked In Factory

A native of Minsk, Russia, Dr Perlman came to the United States when he was 20 and worked in a factory until he had enough money to go to college. In 1920 when he was 30, he received his chiropodist's degree and went to work treating and tending to the feet of a large number of his application.

But Dr Perlman said he could not go to a medical school in any medical school. He said he wrote to nearly every medical school in the country over a long period of years and either got no answer or a flat rejection of his application.

He became so bored with feet, he said, that he went to school to learn other things, just to while away the time and give him something to think about.

"It was an outlet," he said.

## Languages First

The diplomas began to pour in. In rapid succession he won a Bachelor's degree and a Master's degree in Eastern European languages at New York University and a Doctor of Philosophy degree at Columbia University. His other degrees include a Master's in education, a law degree, Doctor of Jurisprudence and Master of Science.

"I studied law because it was such an easy course," he said.

"But I never planned to practice law."

During all this time, Dr Perlman was working as a

chiropodist and raising two sons. One he educated as a chiropodist, the other as a lawyer.

## Royal Wedding In Portugal

Lisbon, Feb. 11.—An estimated 250 guests will crowd the little parish church of Nossa Senhora do Carmo at 12 o'clock tomorrow for the wedding of Princess Maria Pia of Italy and Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia. Eight guests of royal blood are expected to attend the wedding of a 20-year-old daughter of the House of Savoy and a 30-year-old prince of the Balkan House of Karagorgevitch.

At least two gala receptions are planned, a banquet and "gala" in nearby Estoril to celebrate the occasion.—United Press.

## British Weather

Amateurs Almost Beat Air Ministry Experts

London.—Weather forecasters take a worse beating in this unpredictable country than anywhere else on earth. But there was joy this week at the Air Ministry (where the Meteorological Office is situated) over its victory in an unofficial battle with amateurs claiming to do it better. One newspaper assembled a team of people who predict weather from such sources as the colour of seaweed or other national portents and published their forecasts for several months.

These were matched against the Weather Bureau forecasts for the same period and the official predictions turned out to be more accurate—but only just.

It is still the wisest advice here to carry an umbrella if the sun is shining.—United Press.

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"George thinks the doctors exaggerate about catching colds from other people—he got right out of bed so we could play a little bridge with you tonight!"

## NEW LEASE OF LIFE FOR THE PLAYER PIANO?

New York.

The last player piano was built in America in 1927, but a diehard manufacturer of piano rolls has been bringing out new numbers regularly ever since.

In fact, said Mr. Max Kortlander, President of the Imperial Industrial Co., business is even picking up today. "You couldn't say there is a revival of player pianos because no one is building any new ones," he said, "but there definitely is a revival of interest in the old ones."

Player pianos which gathered dust in basements through the 1930's and 1940's are coming back into their own here and there in rumpled rooms, bars and recreation halls.

Imperial Industrial is the only company turning out piano rolls today. They look just like the old ones as far as the spool and the myriad punched holes are concerned, but the music is strictly up-to-date.

"Our arrangements have kept pace with the time," Mr. Kortlander said, "None of the tremolos and other effects people associate with player pianos."

The pianist who does most of the company's arrangements and cuts the master rolls is Lawrence "piano roll" Cook. He has been at the same job for 33 years, but his style today is no more dated than the titles of his latest rolls, which include "Let Me Go, Lover," "Haji Baba" and "Count Your Blessings."

Player pianos became popular around the turn of the century, and Mr. Kortlander believes they hit their peak popularity about 1920, when there were about 18 companies making piano rolls and selling more than 15,000,000 a year. The business collapsed about the same time as the stock market did.

A Mild Boom

His company struggled through the depression years, enjoyed a mild boom during World War II when home entertainment became more popular, and now seems to be catching in on the desire of certain people to hear music other than what a gramophone, radio or TV set has to offer.

"The only thing that would really mean a comeback for a piano manufacturer to come out with a really good player," Mr. Kortlander said, "is a piano that can be used as a customer, but there is often considerable expense in getting it in working order. He expects a spurt in business when an American piano-making company hits the market later this year with what is billed as a revolutionary new 88-note electrically-operated player" that can be installed on any modern piano and will retail for around \$400.—United Press.

## Chow Mien With Chips Say The English!

London.—Chinese restaurants, after a long, hard struggle to break down the conservative British outlook on food, have begun to spread out from the heart of London to the suburbs. But the British insist on a few variations of their own. For example, a great favourite is chow mien—with heaps of fried potatoes. Devotees of this dish are having even less success. The British insist on a strong black beef topped with white sauce, and Mr. Andy Ho, a Chinese restaurateur, says: "I hope my customers forgive me."

Mr. Charles Fort, an Italian who has been in London for 10 years, says: "I've seen the British eat a lot of things, but I've never seen them eat a good Italian dish."

## Italians Will Taste Ancient China 'Spaghetti'

Rome.

Italian spaghetti is going to get a New Look fashioned after the slimmer-style noodles of ancient China.

Mario Braibanti, the Milanese industrialist who gave the world its first automatic spaghetti-making machine in 1935, says his factory is now preparing machinery to make "genuine" Chinese spaghetti, previously a rare delicacy made tediously by hand.

Whether spaghetti-lovers will change their minds about Italy's traditional dish is doubtful, even if Braibanti's New Look actually is a more authentic recipe.

The Italian Government says Italy consumed about 13,745,000 tons of pasta products last year, which form the staple diet of most Italian families. However, Braibanti is considered the leading light of the Italian spaghetti industry, and last September he was awarded a special Government honour for promoting Italy's national dish around the world.

Italian gourmets are vague about how the general public will take to Braibanti's new-style "little strings."

## 'We'll Try It'

The manager of one leading Rome restaurant points out that "spaghetti is Italy's national meal. It doesn't cost much and is very good. I think it would be difficult to change the taste of the typical Italian family."

However, that class of people which likes to try something new might go for it," he added. More enthusiastic was famous restaurateur, Signor Alfredo Morzetti, who said, "We'll try it. In this day and age, when we're interested in all humanity, we must try new specialties along with old ones. This will take us back to the days of Marco Polo."

Italy's favourite pasta dish, brought from China to Venice by the 13th century adventurer Marco Polo, is made from flour of wheat grown in the Po Valley. The Chinese make their noodles from special beans, and the resulting product has a milky transparency with "milk-in-your-mouth" goodness.

Actually, Braibanti isn't trying to improve on Italy's traditional dish. He's just trying to add a new variety of spaghetti to the Italian menu. He has already developed a machine to give a new kind of twist to the "spaghetti" called "fideo" (fideo means "fideo" in Italian). It is made from other grains to fill the needs of those who are allergic to wheat.—United Press.

## Sound Waves Help To Fight Disease

Washington.

Sound too high for human beings to hear promises to be one of the best weapons yet devised against deadly diseases.

That is the conclusion reached by Dr. Nelson Newton, and Dr. John Kissel of Battelle Memorial Institute, Columbus, Ohio, after a study of ultrasonic effect on different viruses. Writing in the current issue of the Navy's "Research Reviews," they forecast "production of superior vaccines by ultrasonic techniques."

"A whole new era of medical research," they said, "has been opened by this development, which may have as its long-term result a drastic reduction in the number and kinds of diseases plaguing mankind."

When sound waves vibrate at more than 20,000 cycles a second, they are out of the hearing range of the human ear. Employing electrically vibrated quartz crystals, Drs. Newton and Kissel did their research with sound waves oscillating millions of times a second.

## Tobacco Virus

Their target was the tobacco mosaic virus, an agent which resides in the "mysterious" borderland between living and dead matter. It is regarded as a typical virus but it is so small that it cannot be seen with an ordinary optical microscope. Only an electronic microscope can bring it into view. Each one is about 1/10,000th of an inch.

Stepping up the power of the ultrasonic beams with which they bombard the virus, the two researchers were able to shatter it into particles only a fraction of the size of the original.

In this state, its ability to infect was "drastically reduced, in some cases as much as 95 per cent." Yet when converted into a serum, its capacity to stimulate production of disease-resisting anti-bodies in laboratory animals was as great as that of the highly infectious whole virus.

Drs. Newton and Kissel suggested that similar work be done with disease-causing bacteria as well as viruses. They said: "ultrasonic techniques have considerable promise in the production of superior vaccines."—United Press.

## Building Boom In Caracas

Caracas, Venezuela.

What's new in Caracas? In a word—everything. It's the boom town of the world today. Schools, super apartment buildings, skyscrapers up to 31 stories, hospitals, supermarkets, roads and avenues are going up at such an astounding speed even old-time Caraqueños have trouble finding their way around.

The Government of Col. Marcos Perez Jimenez has spent nearly \$800,000,000 in the last two years on "Obras Publicas"—public works which are changing the face of the country.

The most startling is the Centro Bolivarian—the Rockefeller Centre of South America—with twin skyscraper towers of 31 stories, several lower connecting buildings and a super-highway running right through it.—United Press.

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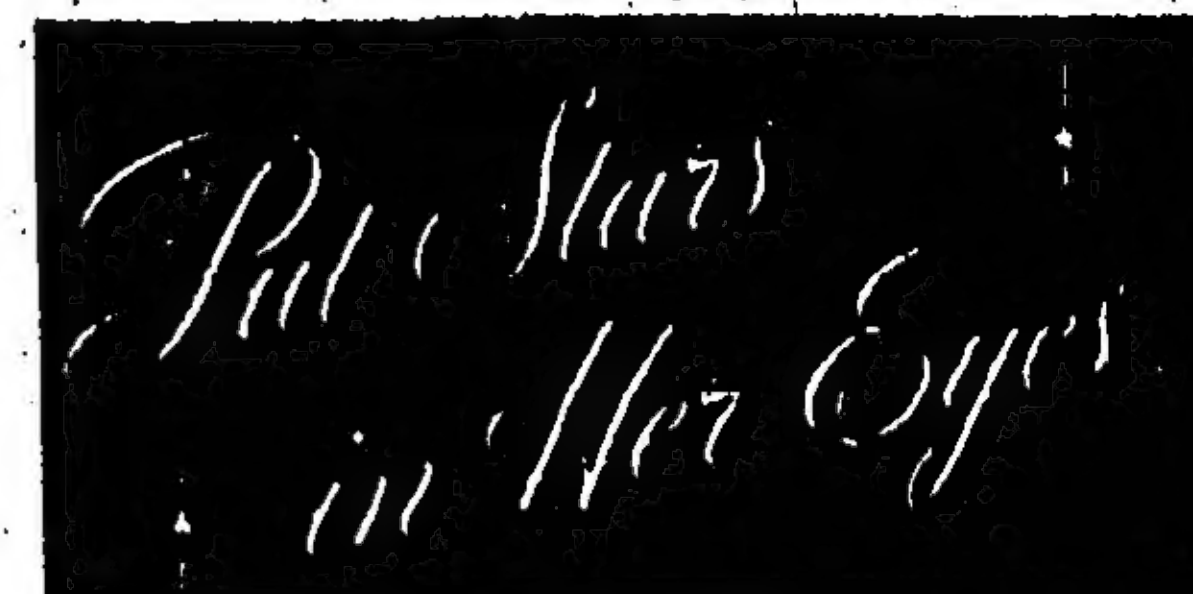


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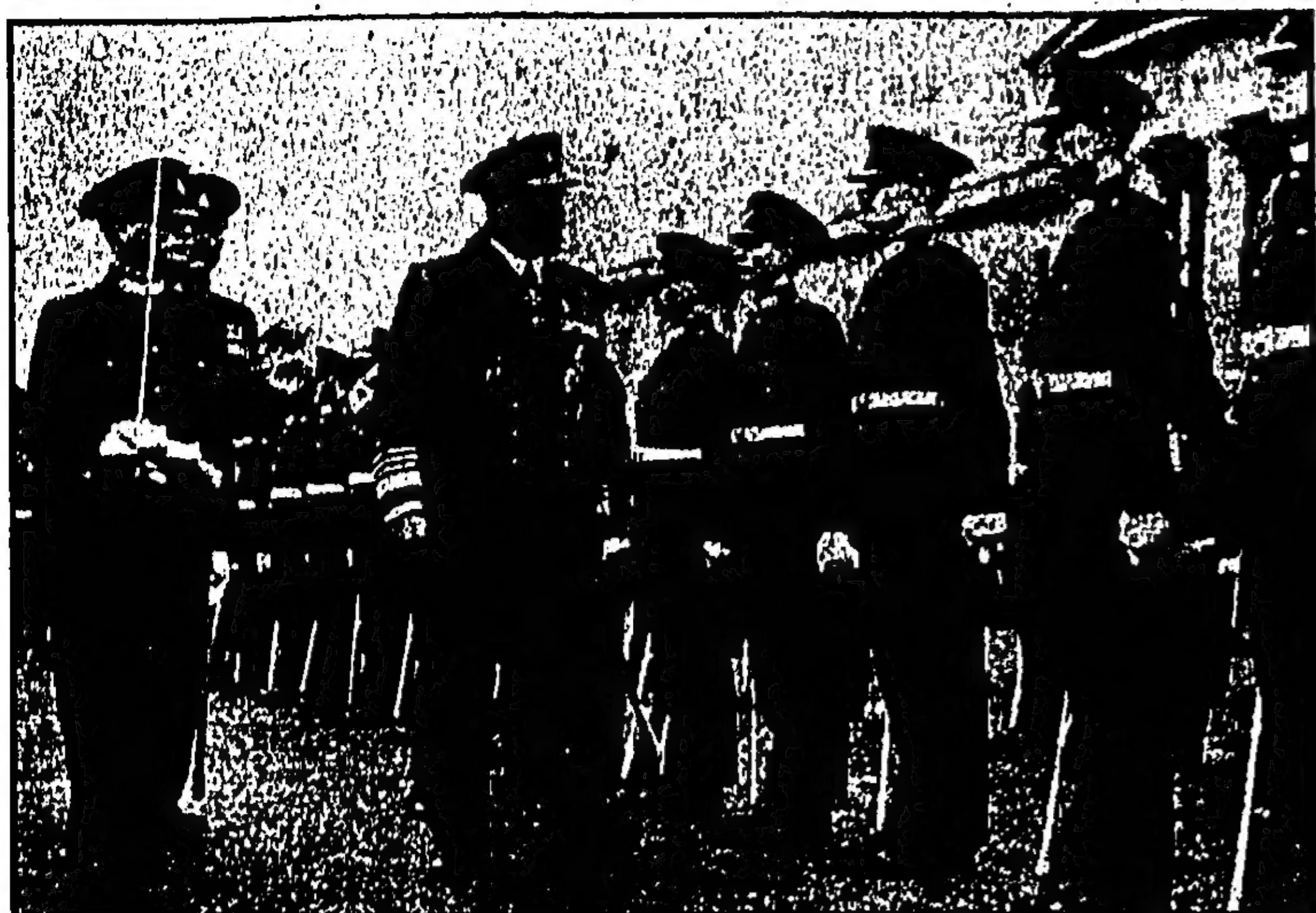
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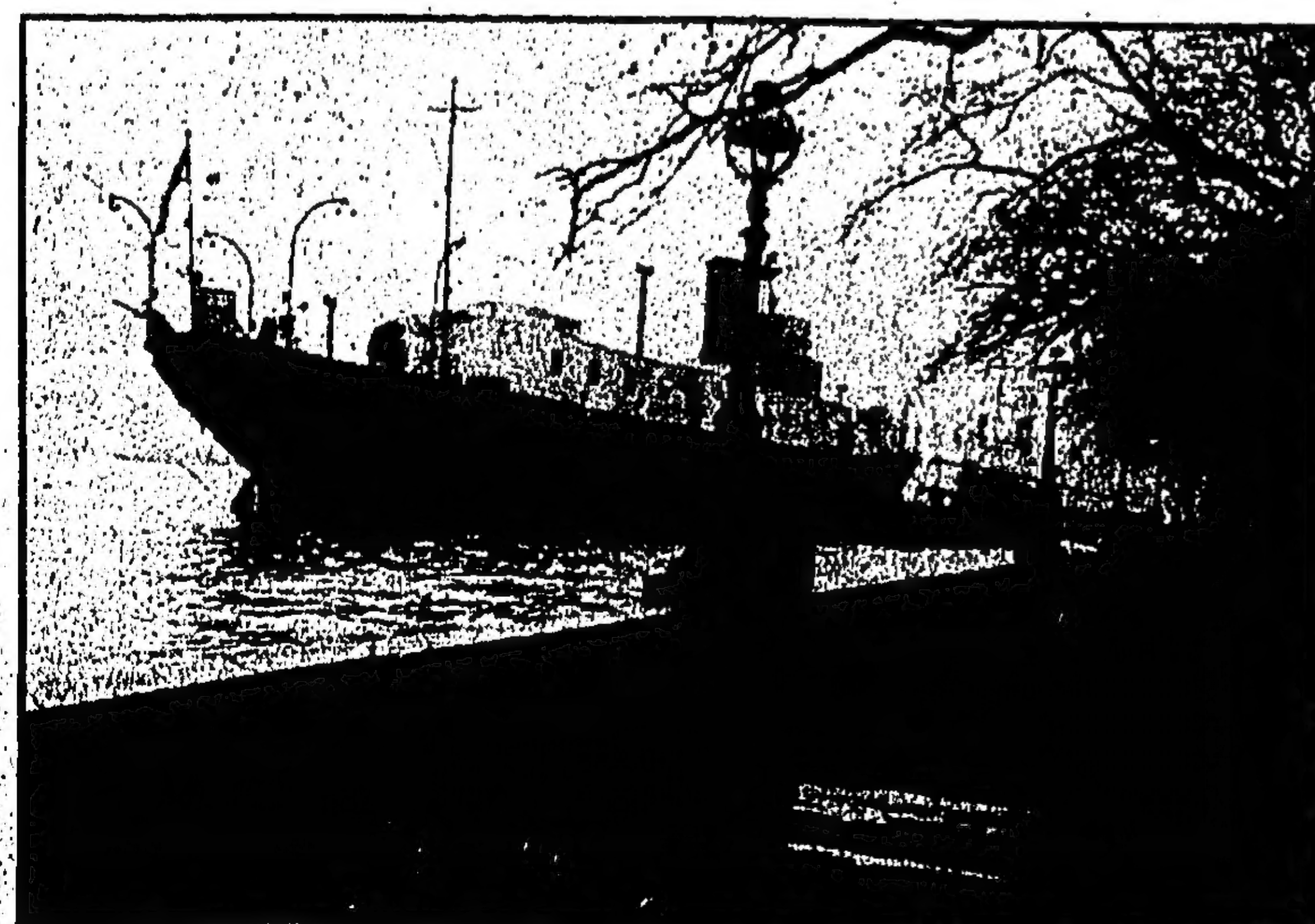
ADMIRAL the Earl Mountbatten of Burma, who will be First Sea Lord in April, inspected the parade and took the salute on behalf of Her Majesty the Queen at the Sovereign's Parade of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Cadets stand stiffly at attention as he passes down the line. (Army News)



MR Ludovic Kennedy, the author, pours out a drink for his lovely wife, Moira Shearer, the ex-ballerina now turned actress, at a party at the Stork Club in London. (Express)



TEN South African schoolchildren — six boys and four girls — have arrived in England on a three-week tour won in an essay competition sponsored by the British Travel and Holidays Association. Five of the winners are seen above. From left: Wanda V. Heerden, Loretta V. Rooyen, Mercia Strydom (17-year-old niece of the South African Prime Minister), Helen Logie and Anthony Walker. (Express)



FLOOD Warning Red was recently issued by the Thames Police. It meant that the water had risen to within six inches of the danger level. At all piers controlled by the Port of London Authority, warning flags were hoisted. Ships were ordered to slow down to prevent water being swept over the banks. Water is seen seeping through the Embankment. (Express)



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, followed by the Queen Mother and the Duke of Edinburgh, leaves the Stratocruiser Canopus after saying goodbye to Princess Margaret before her departure for the West Indies. (Reuterphoto)



MEN and women spare-time soldiers of the Surrey Home Guard — nearly 900 strong — paraded recently at Kingston and were inspected by Lieut-Gen. Sir Francis Festing, GOC-in-C, Eastern Command. Serving as a Private is Lieut-Gen. Sir Arthur Dowler (retired), the hemedalled soldier in centre. He was formerly Chief of Staff to Viscount Montgomery in Germany.



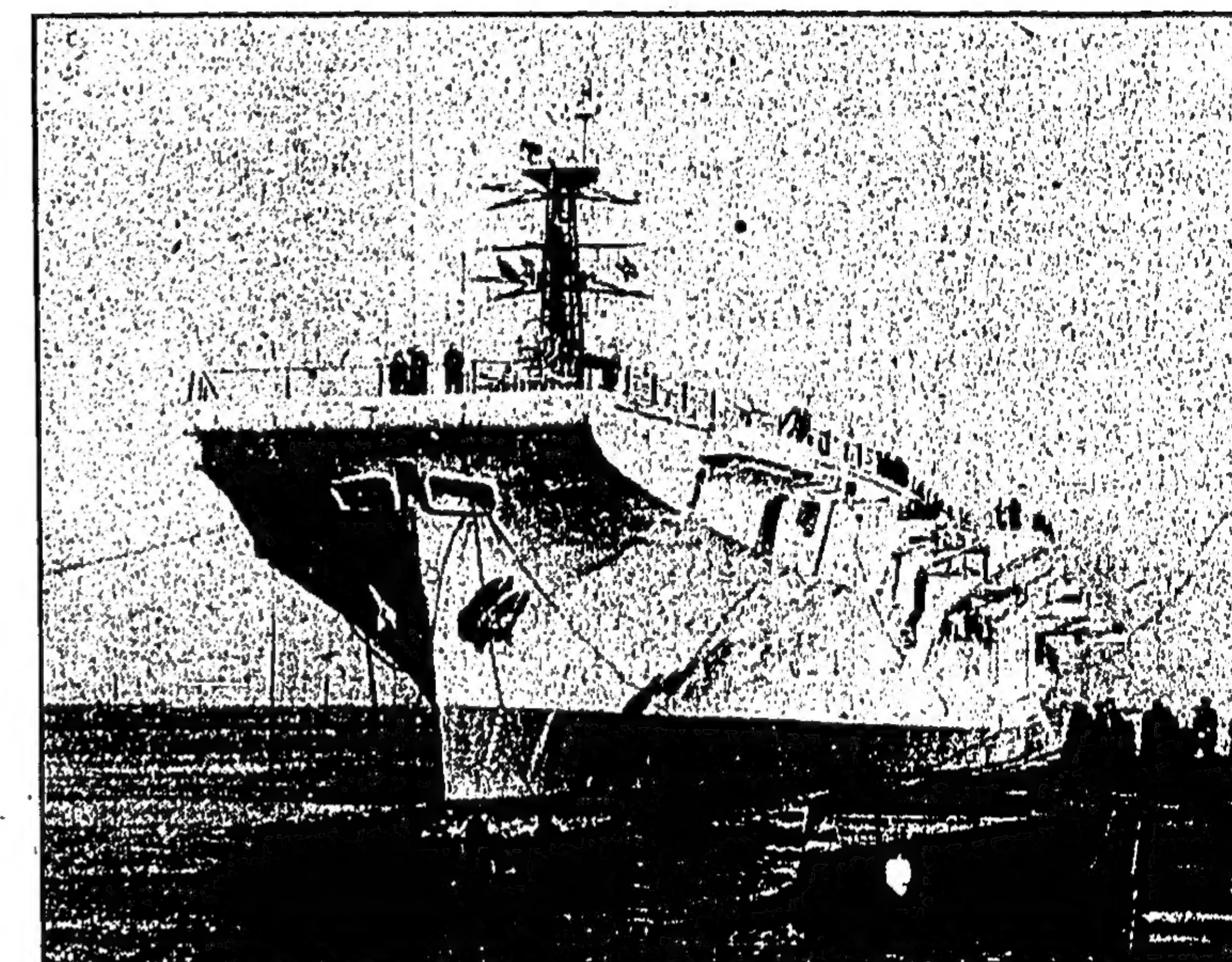
## NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



MRS Margaret Knight (left), whose anti-religious views aroused a nation-wide storm of protest after recent broadcasts, faces Mrs Jenny Morton, a Glasgow minister's wife, in a BBC studio for a debate in the "Morals Without Religion" programme. (Reuterphoto)

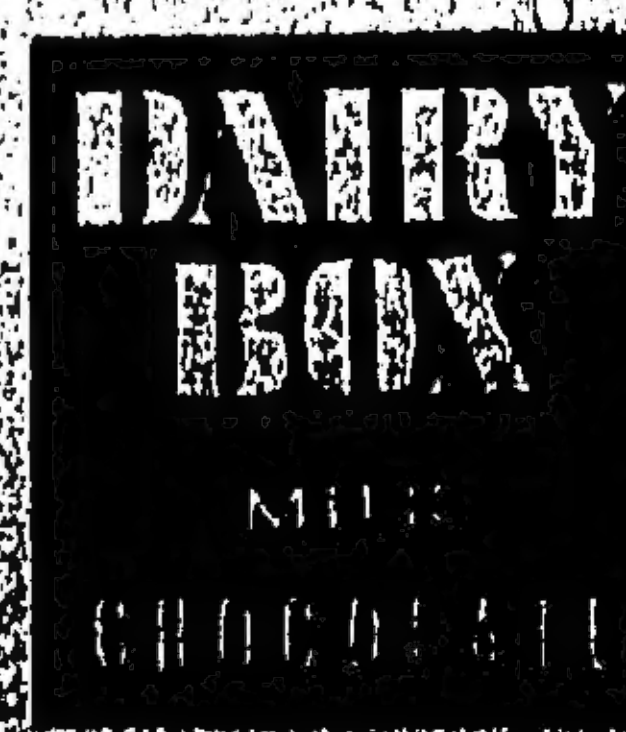


THE light fleet carrier Melbourne, built at Barrow-in-Furness, enters dry dock at Belfast after trials. Later this year, the 14,000-ton Melbourne will be handed over to the Royal Australian Navy. She incorporates the latest improvements of design.

BELOW: The Australian Prime Minister, Mr Robert Menzies, who is in 'London for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, laying the foundation stone of the new pavilion of East Moseley Cricket Club.



WATCHING the farewell parade of the 2nd Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers, who are being disbanded, is Lt-Col. R. R. Willis, who was serving with the Battalion when the Regimental Colour was first trooped in 1919. Col Willis won the Victoria Cross in World War One. (Army News)







"Watch this stuff, Tex—Pop's liable to get you in the traps on Formosa."

London Express Service

## THE FLORADORA GIRL AND THE ERRANT HUSBAND PROVIDE AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY. ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

**T**HE steamer Germanic towered over the tenements at the foot of West Fulton Street and hooted through the clear New York morning air. The clock over the harbour master's office showed ten to nine as the ship prepared to leave. Mrs. Frank Young watched her heavy luggage aboard as she patiently waited for her husband. He was never a punctual man but he promised faithfully when, just after seven that morning, he left the house to get a shave and a new hat, that he would meet her on the pier before nine.

He never came. At ten to nine, on that glorious June morning in 1904 he was riding along West Broadway in a hansom cab. The cabman, named Michaels, had a head so thick after a night's heavy drinking that he was unable to hear his own later words—"to take any particular interest" when a shot rang out inside the cab. In fact, he even failed to raise the trap to see what was going on lest he himself got shot. But he did recall the young lady in the cab telling him to drive to the nearest chemist. He was not quite sure at the time who was shot nor did he much care. It must have been some hangover.

But there were many passengers who hurried forward at the sound of the shot. They found within the cab a dying man. And in the pocket of his coat they found the still-hot pistol which had killed him. He had slumped across the knees of the fair creature who shared the cab with him, his bleeding head on her lap, while she, clasping and wringing her hands and frantically kissing his face, stammered: "Caesar, Caesar, why did you do this?"

Gay Blade

Meanwhile Caesar's wife—for Caesar and Frank Young were one and the same—had decided to let the Germanic go on without her, even though it was too late to retrieve her luggage. Frank Young was a gay blade of the race-tracks. English-born, a gambler and a horseman, his good looks and easy money quickly made him one of the sharper guys of Manhattan. For two delicious years Caesar—as he was known among the racing fraternity—was enslaved by the lovely eyes, the pretty smile and the pneumatic figure of a brunette from the seclusion of a "Floradora" road show.

But in 1904 Caesar gave up his pretty charmer—Nan Ratterson was her name—returned to the forgiving bosom of his wife and, to insure against his own waywardness, booked tickets for a loving family trip to Europe for the morning of June 4.

The day before the intended departure Mrs. Young went with her seemingly reformed husband first to the races at Sheepshead Bay then to her sister's at West 104th Street where they stayed the night. The following day, at dawn began the brief events that saw the end of Caesar Young, an end that was never to be satisfactorily explained.

Nan Ratterson was immediately charged with the murder of her lover. It looked for all the world—as still does—like an "upper-and-shut" case, but three New York juries in succession were unable to agree as to how Caesar Young lost his life. And eventually, the case against Nan Ratterson Patterson



## DEATH IN A HANSOM CAB

By Julian Holland

was dropped for ever by a despairing prosecution. It was in November that the State began its case against the beautiful show-girl. Beside her throughout the proceedings sat her aged father, a pathetic spectacle in mutton-chop whiskers.

Some of the testimony was overwhelming. It appeared that the belle Nan in the last few months of Caesar's ill-starred life tried every trick from the vapours to pretended pregnancy to regain her parasitic hold over her reformed lover.

On the night when cab-driver Michaels was hitting it up in some Bowery tavern, Caesar and Nan held a clandestine farewell in Flannery's saloon on West 125th Street. But one of Caesar's brothers-in-law, sat carefully within earshot. Setting aside the bitter disfigurement done to his wronged sister the timely eavesdropper must have enjoyed the dramatics in Flannery's that evening.

When Caesar offered to lay a hundred dollars against fifty cents that the protesting Nan could not even pronounce the name of the ship that was to carry him away from her for ever, she answered (like the trouble she was):

"Caesar, Young, there isn't a boat that calls the seven seas with a hold big enough or dark enough for you to hide in from me tomorrow morning."

Not Friends

When Nan and Caesar parted it was not as friends. Caesar used words he should not have used, struck her in the face and threatened worse. But on the events of the fateful morning the prosecution's case was not so good. It was difficult to suggest how Caesar and Nan had arrived at a further meeting. Caesar had not left his wife till 7:30; it was only 8:30 when the last breath sped from him yet in that time he had shaved

in the cab; the direction of the bullet, the powder-marks, the very variety of the traps—none all pointed to him.

Nan's defence was in the hands of the great Abe Levy, paunchy and hunched, a master at suggesting that he too might easily be sitting among the jurors possessed of no more intelligence than an ordinary man in the street.

Spell-bound

Abe Levy got quickly to business. He made much of Nan's faded old papa sitting there in court, read the passage from the Bible about the woman taken in adultery, then went to town on Nan's *cri de coeur*.—"Caesar, Caesar why did you do this?" "Do you believe," Abe asked the spell-bound jury, "that this empty-frivolous, if you like—pleasure-loving girl could conceive the plot that would permit her at one second to kill, and in the next second to cover the act by a subtle invention? Is there a possibility that within two seconds after the shot she could have been so consummate an actress as to have been able deliberately to pretend the horror which showed itself in her

she fainted at the terrible words of Mr Rand, the State's grip on its victim was practically lost. On the next day other witnesses testified to the grief Nan—now in steel grey silk—had displayed at the hospital after the incident in the cab; she threw herself on the dead body and declared that life without Caesar was not worth living. She even asked a policeman to kill her with his truncheon.

But all was not yet over. Nan's case received a considerable set-back when Mr Rand produced the coroner, Mr O'Hanlon, who at the previous trials had maintained the case was one of suicide to declare he had "changed his mind." He had not known before, he now said, that the revolver was found in Young's pocket. This brought the best out of Mr Rand who many times throughout the trial had shown signs of losing his normally leech-like grip. In a great peroration he described the feelings that "must have fluttered in Nan's heaving bosom as her lover announced his intention to return to his wife. She had lost. Her rival had won. At that moment, Mr Rand declared she saw red. The murder in her heart flamed into action. "A little crack, a puff of smoke a dead man prostrate on a woman's knee, the wages of sin were paid!" he ended.

Discharged

For 14 hours the jury deliberated. The foreman consulted each jurymen individually in an attempt to get a verdict. It was said that at one moment it was ready to bring in a verdict of guilty, while the twelfth obstinately held out for acquittal on the remarkable grounds of sentiment. But in the end all were discharged, still unable to agree.

Throughout the long hours Nan was in a state of mental and physical collapse: no smiles, no conquering now. "When will they come back?" was all she could moan.

The prison doctor declared her condition to be serious and prescribed a long period of rest. But as soon as the district attorney moved the quashing of the indictment it was announced that Nan would open in a fortnight's time in Richmond in a musical show called "The Little Girl." For this she was to receive £250 a week.

## Don Juan May Become A Saint

By CHARLES WARRINGTON

**DON JUAN**, the fabulous character famed for centuries for his way with women, his duels (mostly over women) and his drinking bouts, may be on the way to becoming a saint.

Last week Vatican officials started probing the history of a Don Juan who really lived, thumping through dusty old documents and testimonies concerning the exciting life of the gentleman from Seville.

Don Juan really existed. His name was Don Miguel de Manara, a very wealthy fellow who lived in Spain's Seville in the seventeenth century. He spent the first part of his life chasing women, playing musical games, drinking champagne amounts of liquor and juggling.

Rome. Spanish poets and playwrights, inspired by his adventures, created a character of the famous scoundrel and rechristened him Don Juan Tebadio.

Songs were sung about him, Mozart even wrote an opera about him and two hundred years after he lived, Byron wrote an epic poem about a fellow of the same name and with a similar way of life.

But Don Miguel wasn't all ways bad. After he killed a man in a duel, he saw the error of his ways, made a complete about-turn, embarked on "a life of penance," gave away his wealth to the poor, forgot women, and founded a big hospital which still exists in Seville.

Then he died "in an odour of sanctity" saving just one his tomb there should be written: "Here lies the man the world has ever known."

all the good things he had done and how he had repented. They invoked his name in their prayers and asked their bishop to begin the procedure for beatification.

Several such pleas reached the Vatican. But the Vatican never acted. Now, after three centuries, the Vatican has decided to hold an inquiry into his life and find out whether in fact his virtues outweighed his vices.

The probe is being carried out in Rome by the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

Should it prove favourable the Pope would proclaim officially Don Juan's "heroic virtues." Then, if the Congregation is satisfied that Don Juan after his death has performed at least two miracles he will be beatified in St. Peter's.

Two more miracles performed after the beatification would pave the way for canonisation, the final stage where official recognition as a saint.



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## INVITATION FROM A GIRL—BUT WAS IT REALLY INVITATION TO AMBUSH?

# Two British officers gate crash our party

by ROLF MAGENER

A German who escaped from a British prison camp in Dehra Dun, Northern India, continues his story how he and his friend Heins von Have tried to reach the Japanese lines in Burma. Today he tells how they enjoyed themselves under the noses of the wartime British authorities in Calcutta, the second city of the Empire.

TRAPPED—BUT WE STAGE A FIGHT AND

ESCAPE BY  
PRETENDING TO  
BE COWARDS

*Bluff was  
My Armour*

THE house was in Central Avenue. I walked up and down, waiting impatiently. Heins was visiting an Indian dentist. It was an idea of his. A very clever and original idea too.

Indiana, who took degrees at foreign universities always liked to add the town and the letters after their name. It gave prestige. Heins searched the Calcutta telephone book until he found the name of a man who had taken his degree at Heidelberg.

A man who had spent long years in Germany was the most promising man to approach.

**'I'm German...'**

HEINS took a seat in the waiting-room. Then he was summoned to the chair. The Indian dentist bent over him with his little looking-glass and asked him what was wrong.

Heins pushed his hand gently under and said, in English, "Nothing with my teeth, doctor." He paused. "I am not English at all, and I have not got toothache. I am German."

The Indian dropped his instruments as if they had given him an electric shock.

"German?" he stammered. "Yes—German. Escaped prisoner."

The dentist's face went pale. He just managed to mutter: "I implore you. Leave me in peace, and go. You force me to summon the police."

Heins replied in German. "You've been in Heidelberg."

You must have an understanding of our situation."

The Indian was silent. Then he burst out: "I have had much experience of the C.I.D. But this is by far the most cunning trap they have laid for me. I shall not do you the favour of falling into it."

"Then you are on my side after all. You are at war with the English," Heins said delightedly.

"You need not say another word," the Indian answered, resolutely. "I see through your plot to the very bottom. I have had enough of your investigations. You have put me to untold miseries because my wife is a German."

"What! Your wife is a German? Then there is the solution. Confront me with her. I'll soon prove I am a fellow-countryman of hers."

The Indian hesitated. Then he went out quickly, shutting the door. After a minute or two the door opened again.

A European woman, in Indian dress, looked in cautiously and asked, in Bavarian German: "Are you German really?"

"Of course I am. Your husband won't believe me. But perhaps you can convince him." "Yes, you do speak like a German. Like a North German at least," she added with a smile, and quickly retired and shut the door.

**Good work**

A FEW more minutes passed before the dentist returned. He was in great agitation, torn between fear and resolution. He went close up to Heins, took a hundred rupee note out of his coat pocket and gave it him without a word.

When Heins rejoined me he was jubilant. He had found out one tremendously important fact. The dentist had told him

the line to Chittagong was not confined to troops. There was the strictest watch everywhere, but civilians could travel on the railway.

Chittagong! We smiled happily at each other in the steamy Calcutta street. This East Bengal town was the nearest big British base to the front line. If we could get a train that far we were confident we could hike through the jungle to join our Oriental allies.

It was not bad work, considering we had only been in Calcutta for 48 hours.

We found refuge in a Y.M.C.A. We were given the sitting-room. It had no beds. We slept side by side on the long table used for committee meetings. But we were not asked to register, or to fill in a form for the police.

Having been cursed for being British, we plucked up enough courage to walk boldly into the Grand Hotel for a drink.

**Cursed us**

NEXT morning we joined the throng of soldiers in Chowringhee. To mix with so many foreign soldiers was like secretly attending a meeting of one's enemies, and finding out with bated breath who they all were who had sworn to destroy you.

We avoided looking them in the face. We preferred to keep our eyes on their knees, which showed between their shorts and stockings.

An American fell in step beside Heins. He jerked his elbow in the direction of a miserable group of beggars standing on the kerb. He turned his flabby, red-blotched face to us and said—

"Say, listen. You British ought to be ashamed of yourselves to let that kind of thing happen. Why don't you do something about it? With us, such wretched sights wouldn't be allowed."

"Why do you pick on me?" Heins answered angrily. "Take over the whole cursed country for all I care. You can have it, with all its beggars included. And Gandhi thrown in."

"That would suit you—have us drag your cart out of the muck."

"If you don't want to accept the responsibility, you needn't criticize."

"Oh, yeah. That's you British all over. If your gentleman's drawn to any little thing that's wrong, you get crabby!"

**An attraction**

WITH this parting shot the former tossed the beggars a coin. Then he went on his way, sweating profusely and cursing to himself.

Having been cursed for being British, we plucked up enough courage to walk boldly into the Grand Hotel for a drink.

As we sat down, the first thing we saw was an Anglo-Indian girl who was sitting at a table opposite us. She was with two elderly American officers, whose backs were turned to us.

She had a mass of black hair above the perfect oval of her face. Her lips were full and blood-red. She did not appear to be greatly taken with her companions, and gave us a quick glance now and then.

Then she got up and went out with her escorts. But a few minutes later the door opened and there she was back again. Alone this time. She sat down against the wall opposite us, with a faint note of invitation, I thought.

She took a cigarette from her case and held it to her lips without lighting it. I went over. I gave her a light and invited her to have a drink with us. When she was sitting between us we felt like monks whose wits Satan was leading astray.

I was tormented by self-reproach. Any-thing might follow from such thoughtlessness. It was inexcusable to invite any stranger to share our table, let alone an attractive woman. It offended against the first law of escape—never to draw attention to yourself.

"My name is Muriel," she said. "What are yours?" "He's John," Heins told her, "and I'm Harry."

"Have you come from the Burma front?"

"No. That's where we're bound for."

"Not to Assam, let's hope."

"Let's hope not. That's where the worst fighting is."

"Yes. Those two Americans were telling me just now."

"The Japanese seem to be bad people to come up against."

"Hadn't the word."

**Elegant**

WOULD we to question her? She was pretty enough and well-read in men. But she obviously had no knowledge whatever of the military situation.

Heins apparently had come to the same conclusion because he said: "Tell me, Muriel, what's on in Calcutta nowadays? We've come from the northwest and are quite out of it."

"Calcutta is the place to eat. And there are the films."

"Do you know of a good one?"

"There's 'Stormy Weather' at the Ritz. They say it's good."

"Would you like to come and see it with us?" I suggested.

Heins frowned. "Your enthusiasm is fine, John. But you seem to forget that we have military duties this afternoon."

"I'm afraid he's right, Muriel. Sorry. We must meet another time."

She gave her address and we parted. "Don't forget to ring me," she called after us.

any that has come to the hands of meteorologists before.

And when the 18 months are over, electronic brains will be set to work to analyse the millions of figures and tables.

Before I left his quiet room, Dr. Martin, who is assistant secretary of the Royal Society, told me: "Big discoveries should become clear before the research period is over."

What will it all mean?

**What it means**

IT means that the world's charts will be redrawn; weather forecasts should be much more accurate; earthquakes and radio waves will be much better understood.

Astronomy and mineralogy are two sciences which will advance more in 18 months than they have for hundreds of years. And the wealth under the world's surface will be reassessed.

Then the young men will go back to their universities. For most of them their days of scientific exploration will be over.

They will have taken part in one of the most exciting experiments of all time.

But must it go down in history as the International Geophysical Year? Isn't there a more stirring title?

of global secrets is an international matter, they are not sure how the politicians are going to take it.

Consider the Antarctic. Many nations are staking their claim on that part of the world for strategic and financial reasons.

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DRAWING  
BY ROBB

**THE BELL RANG**

"It must be friends," said Muriel. Heins and I went white and tense... and in walked two young British lieutenants

A moment later two young officers entered the room. They were both lieutenants, and their uniforms were freshly pressed. They nodded to us in a friendly enough way. They tossed their caps on the table and asked for a drink.

Muriel, who obviously knew them well, went on to explain the reason for our visit.

"Oh, really? You're off to the front tomorrow?" one asked.

"Which unit?"

It was entirely our own fault that this question—the most fatal that could be put to us—burst suddenly on the party. It served us right.

But then Heins did something quite surprising. He did not attempt to put up any lie about our regimental entanglements and so seal our fate. He counter-attacked vigorously and without warning.

"I shall be delighted to give you the fullest information on that point, but not here and not now," he replied. "In my opinion, this room has too many people in it. I think something ought to be done about it. Don't you?"

"Who the devil are you to talk like that?" "Never mind who I am. This is my party. And I don't intend to have it interfered with."

We stood up. So did the other two. We faced them in a cold fury which banished all our fears.

There was a moment of giddy suspense. Heins had pushed the matter to extremes. But we were determined to force our way out if necessary. As the other two had no firearms prospects were good.

**We vanished**

THEN one of the officers said, in a cool and collected voice: "This is not the place for getting the matter. We shall do that better outside."

"Very good. We'll join you."

They took their caps from the table and went out. Muriel shut the door after them and implored us to stay.

"Don't be so absurd. You safety on an occasion like this. Who was likely to track us down in the seclusion of her flat? Far better to keep pace with Heins, who was getting off with Muriel already."

But I was not much struck with Joan. She had real spider fingers. Then the bell rang. We both went white and tense.

"It must be some friends looking in," Muriel said, jumping up.

If the two Englishmen should read this perhaps they will forgive us. We were not the cowards they thought. Our freedom was at stake.

**So frank**

I SUGGESTED, however, that we could make a date with her at her flat, and he agreed.

I was to back out as once if she had not a flat of her own.

I telephoned her. She had a flat. She said that a friend of hers would be there too.

And would we bring some drink along?

She had been so frank and jolly on the telephone that we were both

enticing us into an ambush.

"Hello, defenders of the Empire," she greeted us. She introduced her friend Joan, also an Anglo-Indian. Joan was an exotic type.

"So you're off to the front?" she said.

"Yes, worse luck. And Assam too," we lied.

"Poor boys. Then we must be particularly nice to you."

Muriel poured out drinks. Heins started a harmless conversation with Joan about the pleasures Calcutta had to offer troops eager for some fun.

I unobtrusively took in all the features of the small two-roomed flat. It was on the ground floor. It came to the worst, there was a verandah over which we could jump into a back garden.

But it was silly to indulge in secret broodings over one's safety on an occasion like this. Who was likely to track us down in the seclusion of her flat? Far better to keep pace with Heins, who was getting off with Muriel already.

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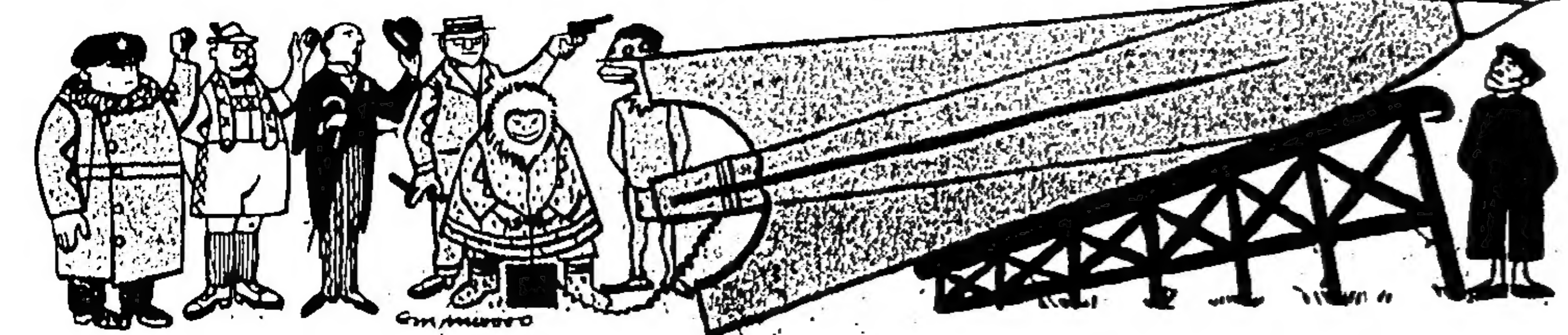
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## Dr. MARTIN CALLS IN THE ROCKBOONS



SOMEHOW the title fits the scene... it all seems very remote.

There is Dr D. C. Martin, a square-shouldered, stocky, dark-haired man in the secretary's office of the Royal Society.

You reach him by way of red-carpeted corridors. Dark paintings of Rutherford, Faraday, and Bragg give you an austere scrutiny.

On a table of Dr Martin's room lies a cheap chart of the world... the kind of thing that costs a couple of shillings. There are little figures glued to it.

And the sonorous-sounding title of the whole enterprise? The International Geophysical Year.

**Fascinating**

IT sounds like the basis for a lecture at the Athenaeum. In reality it conceals one of the most fascinating and involved experiments—world scientists have ever made.

It is going to cost £35,000,000. And Dr. Martin is secretary of the British section.

For a long time men of every nation have worried about the little we know of the world, of the unproved theories we hold. Now science is going to lift the top of the world, and have a look inside.

Soon the young men will set out. There will be thousands of them from 30 countries.

They will go to grassy jungles on the equator, to snow-bound hills in the Antarctic, to up-

The scientists get ready for their biggest experiment to find the secrets of the world

we live in

by ROBERT GLENTON

swamp lands, to mountain slopes.

For the young men are the vital figures in the greatest of all scientific experiments. They are going to be the technicians in finding the answer to so many questions.

What are the questions?

WHY are the continents drifting apart? They are measurably a greater distance from each other than they once were.

WHAT happens when there is an explosion—often as powerful as a thousand atom bombs—in the sun?

HOW rapidly are the world's ice caps shrinking and what lies beneath them?

Where do cosmic rays come from? WHAT is the cause of the catastrophes, of nature—flood, hurricane, and earthquake?

Two years ago scientists met in a world conference. Then they planned their experiment.

For 18 months every scrap of knowledge, skill, and equipment that the world possesses will be co-ordinated to put the world under a microscope.

No nation with technical resources has held back Russia was one of the first to approve.

But first of all hundreds of research stations have to be set

It is to these posts that the young men will go.

They will start their work in July 1957.

In the time that is left the 38 nations have to be co-ordinated—so have their standards of working.

And there are the rockets to be built.

INSTRUMENTS have to be calibrated, forms and mathematical tables circulated.

And there are the rockets to be built.

These rockets will rush up 250 miles to explore the upper atmosphere. Their automatic cameras will photograph the sun's explosions. Radar will plot the rockets' fall.

There will be rock us—rockets fired from high altitude balloons. Rockets—rockets launched from aircraft.

The young men have still to be found. There is going to be a shortage. A scheme is now before the world's universities suggesting that research time spent on desert islands and ledgers should be accepted as part of an undergraduate's curriculum.

Finding the money is the easiest part of the problem.

Although the scientists are

of global secrets is an international matter, they are not sure how the politicians are going to take it.

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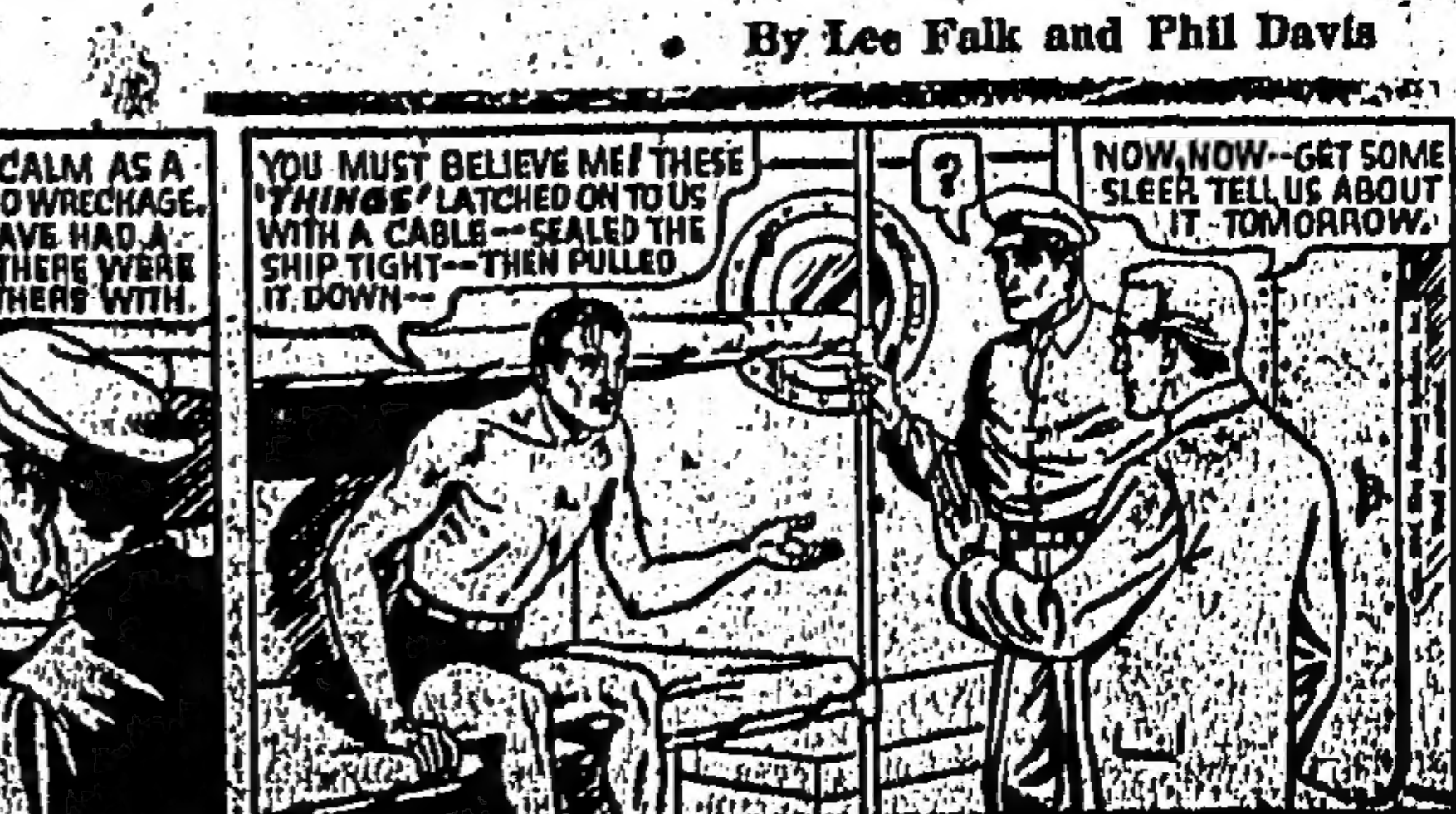
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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



TALK  
ABOUT  
MAGIC!

Have you seen  
**Admiral**

UNCONDITIONAL  
SURRENDER



# Secrets Of International Crime



however, he continued the put-suit single handed. Shortly after daybreak he spotted his quarry crawling up a mountainous ridge.

Doubling speed, he unhappily did not notice a rattlesnake lying across his track until, with a sudden terrifying whirr, it buried its fangs in his ankle. He shot the snake and, snatching out a pocket knife, incised the wound so that the flow of blood would wash away the poison.

At the ridge's edge he tried a quick outflanking movement. If unwary, he could easily, he realised, be ambushed. But using his stealth, he wormed himself into a position from which, to his joy, he suddenly saw the head of one of the wanted men peep cautiously round a boulder's edge. Instantly he fired a warning burst and ordered the two men to step out of hiding, hands raised high. They obeyed.

Now, momentarily triumphant, he felt himself in a position of double danger. For the snake poison was getting hold of his body. At any moment he might black out. Nevertheless, he kept cool-headed. From a safe

**The FULL inside story of INTERPOL, the organisation which fights international crime all over the world, and has been the means of bringing thousands of criminals to justice. Written with the complete co-operation of the staff of INTERPOL**

A crime the Zurich police will not soon forget was the cold-blooded murder of Herr Baumgart, a local bank director. Two men kidnapped him one evening not far from his home on the city's outskirts. Pouncing on him, they bundled him in their car and drove off at once for his bank.

Fortunately his wife, knowing her husband's fair for punctuality, became alarmed when he did not return home, and phoned the police. Detectives hurried to his bank.

The criminals saw someone entering the bank just as they reached it. Suspecting that their plot had gone astray, they intended to force the director to open the safe with his personal key—they turned off to open country.

Arrived in a wooded area, they hauled him roughly out of the car. "Here, take this drink," said one, handing him a bottle of schnapps. Then, as he put his lips to it, one or both of them riddled him with bullets. They drenched his body and car with petrol and set them alight. But this attempt to destroy all traces failed.

## Beret Was Vital Clue

Study by ballistics experts of the bullets found in the dead banker proved that the weapons were stolen from a local arsenal. One criminal was known to wear a beret. The Press publicised all available details, flimsy as these were in respect of identity.

Then came a trifling but decisive clue.

A civilian telephoned the police, saying he thought it odd, and perhaps suspicious, that a certain Herr X, who always wore a beret, was now walking

out without one. Herr X, shadowed, unwittingly led the police to his companion. Brought to justice, the two men, Deubelbeis and Schurmann, were found guilty of the banker's murder. Each received a life-sentence of twenty-five years.

Let one final case serve as warning to all runaway crooks. Jack S—, sentenced in his absence for breach of trust at the Court of Summary Jurisdiction of the Seine, boarded at Genoa the Roma, Australia-bound.

Interpol, from its Paris headquarters, took two immediate action precautions. The National Criminal Bureau at Rome, its Italian link, was asked to confirm that Jack S— had actually embarked on the Roma. And the Colombo police at the same time were radioed to examine the Roma's passengers immediately she arrived to see if Jack S—, or someone answering to his description, was among them.

But the Roma stopped, because of engine-trouble, at Port Said. Instantly Interpol pounced, through the agency of the Egyptian police. Advised of the wanted man, three uniformed stalwarts boarded the boat. And there was Jack S—, sipping cocktails in his cabin with a soft-tipped Italian girl friend.

## Massive Chest

He surrendered. Did he think that after serving his sentence in France, he could still slip off to Australia, patch up his interrupted romance and dig up riches?

However, the authorities held less agreeable views. Directly the Roma docked at Melbourne, the local police put in an official request for his baggage. And they retrieved a massive chest tucked away for security in the ship's hold. Here he had stowed away a fortune. They found it crammed full of scents, silverware and objets d'art, the fruits of impudent swindles in Europe.

Concentrating its energies to severely practical ends, Interpol serves now forty-eight nations. But it serves, in reality, the entire world as a peace-keeping, crime-suppressing agency.

THE END

## Thriller-Writer Was A Real-Life Pirate

By A. J. FORREST

INTERPOL does not intervene in religious, racial or political crimes. But every other criminal offence lies within its orbit of survey.

Smuggling cases crop up frequently. In Europe, the hotbed for this activity is the Mediterranean, chiefly between France and Tangier.

As darkness falls, converted German-built Spanish E-boats and other fast moving craft, manned by reckless fortune seekers, nose out of tiny Mediterranean havens, packed with nylons, cigarettes, arms, penicillin and depe.

Police patrol boats, equipped with powerful searchlights, and especially Spanish vessels, open fire very rapidly if their challenge passes unheeded.

Sometimes rival contraband gangs shoot it out on the high seas, sinking each other's boats in a mad frenzy reminiscent of old-time buccaners.

## £40,000 Plunder

The leader of one notorious gang, recently captured, posed as a wealthy writer of sea romances. Having hired Gilberte F—, a twenty-three-year-old, gloriously tanned Mediterranean beauty queen, for secretarial duties, he rented a secluded villa near Villefranche, off the Cote d'Azur. He planned to write here, as he told her, a modern pirate story.

His inspiration welled forth only fitfully. But once he did get going, to the girl's surprise, he dictated to her a stirring account of how a pirate boat put armed and masked men aboard a Dutch vessel in open sea, gained absolute mastery and plundered it of tobacco stocks worth nearly £40,000.

Judge her astonishment when she read shortly afterwards in a local paper a report of an identical incident. This report was not fictitious. However, since Gilberte felt irresistibly drawn to the gay author, she attributed this oddness to mere coincidence.

Her disillusionment dawned swiftly, however, when a strong force of gendarmes, led by a detective-inspector in plain clothes, drove suddenly into the walled-in courtyard and asked peremptorily to see her employer.

Apparently, a seaman, Pedro V—, found completely sozzled in a local night haunt, had spilt to a police spy. He confessed to being one of a pirate crew responsible for the flagrant act reported. To the informer's acute interest, he named the smooth-mannered, flamboyant author as the gang's ringleader.

## An Arsenal

"You can't see him," cried the girl distractedly. "He's rummaging over a fresh chapter, and mustn't be disturbed." The police officer smiled playfully. "Be calm and wait," he advised. Instead, her discretion yielded to folly, she snatched out wildly "Police! Police!" shouting, her arms, at the same time, around the inspector's neck to impede him. But her delaying tactics made no difference.

When police burst into the sea renegade's well-insulated study, a stronghold overlooking the serene blue sea, they found him far from the throes of literary composition; he was poring over an inventory of his latest captures off Corsica.

"All right, you win," was his laconic comment, he added, "Take my gun." Search of the premises disclosed an extensive arsenal of weapons, plus rich quantities of cigars, plus rich quantities of cigars, plus rich quantities of cigars.

The following example of the courage comes from Western America. Two men,

when stopped for routine check at a highway inspection station, stepped on the accelerator and bolted in their convertible coupe. Alerts were sounded.

A little later a patrolman sighted the wanted motor car being overturned and dimly wrecked at the bottom of a ravine. Its occupants, however, to judge by nearby tracks, had scuttled off unhurt. He informed the Deputy Sheriff. The two set off into the virgin scrub.

Soon the Sheriff advised the patrolman to return to the nearest town and fetch water and assistance. Very gamely,

distance he tossed a pair of handcuffs to his captives, and ordered them to shuffle their right and left hands together. After some fumbling on their part, the bracelets clicked.

"Now march ahead of me," he ordered, adding, "I'll shoot the first man who turns round." So the procession began. For the officer it was grim, tortuous going; his head was muzzy, the landscape swimming before his eyes, and each step taxed his willpower.

But doggedly he stumbled on, and mercifully the recalcitrant party arrived, not an instant too soon. He sagged to his knees, speechless, his lips foaming white. Rushed to hospital, he recovered quickly.

## BE MY GUEST—

—by DAVID LEWIN

## How I hate cocktail parties! said Mrs. Legge to Ustinov



DINERS OUT... Mrs. Gerald Legge, Peter Ustinov.

London. "MY trousers split," said Peter Ustinov. "Terribly sorry we're late, but I got into the car, relaxed, and found my trousers giving way at the seam. My wife thought it might not notice, but I had to change."

Mrs. Gerald Legge and I murmured "Not at all. Don't worry about the delay," and we settled down to dinner. Mrs. Legge—Raine Legge—is a society beauty, Westminster City councillor, Wandsworth girls' school welfare worker, and occasional prison lecturer. All at 24.

Peter Ustinov, actor, author, wit, was with his French actress wife, Suzanne Cloutier, who appeared in the film "Doctor in the House."

Ustinov looked at the bread plates leaning at crazy angles in a glass in the centre of the table and said: "Ah, table decorations by Henry Moore."

## Conversation

THEN we pondered the menu at the Percy Street, Soho, restaurant. Mrs. Legge ordered Oeuf Benedictine (poached eggs on toasted muffin, special sauce, brandy, and benedictine added). "Sounds rich," said Mrs. Ustinov.

"French is a rich language," I said.

"I wasn't taught that at school," said Raine Legge. "English is a wonderful language. There are so many alternatives—you can waffle or be wonderfully precise."

Peter shook his head and declared: "English is fine for NOT saying exactly what you mean. French is precise, French is the language of treaties. English is the language of get-out clauses."

We debated the merits of English while our duck, roasted with potatoes in wine, was being served.

## In Hollywood

RAINE Legge, the experienced society hostess, said firmly: "I never give cocktail parties. I don't like having drink spilled on the furniture or cigarette stubs ground into my lovely gowns. Anyway, I believe the guests at a cocktail party feel they have been put in the category of those who are not wanted for dinner."

The Ustinovs talked about their experiences of cocktail parties in Hollywood.

"Four in on an evening, three sometimes," said Peter. "Almost the only people you know are the catering staff. I kept meeting a butler who toured around. He told me at one party: 'I have hung your coat, sir, in an accessible place. If I know you, you won't want to stay there long.'"

Suzanne Cloutier said that she, too, had been to a party in London in the last place for the

party," said Peter Ustinov. "At cocktail parties people always get that glazed look in their eyes."

"You know the sort of thing. They're not really interested in what you say; they glance over your shoulder, wave myopically at everyone else, and then say: 'Sorry, we've got to rush off to those awful Lewins now. They have another cocktail party we simply must go to.'"

Mrs. Legge seemed horrified. "If that happened at one of my parties I'd say quite definitely they had come to the wrong house. Or hope my butler would keep them out."

Peter Ustinov laughed: "Only Cole Porter can do that in Hollywood. He really understands civilised living. Hollywood is full of everything—talent, ideas—but I think Hollywood is like death: the great leveler."

## 'So cosy here'

THERE was a pause. Then the conversation switched to England. Suzanne Cloutier started it.

"Before I married Peter I was worried about the idea of living in London. I didn't think I'd like it after Paris. Now I wouldn't change. It is so cosy here. You laugh at what you say, and all that at first. Now I love them."

We stopped eating at this blue

good conversation. Better than New York or Hollywood, or even Paris."

Raine Legge said: "In Paris at parties you sit bolt upright on gilt chairs. Hard chairs. That doesn't help talking. I like talking, but I believe women should stimulate men in conversation, not dominate them."

Peter said: "But do we welcome guests to England? We have all the posters out and the brochures. Then what? We give tourists little except, perhaps, institution service and a bedside manner."

Suzanne argued the point. "But food and wine are so much better here now. Even the waiters are interested in wine."

Peter persisted: "Oh, the service may be good and the intention kind. But it is so often made to appear like an offer of something while the matron's back is turned."

## Dress query

THE mention of institution made me ask Raine Legge about her talks to prisoners at Maidstone, Gaol. Do you wear nice clothes, I wanted to know.

"Certainly," she said. "It would be an insult to anyone you're meeting for the first time not to dress well. And the word 'look'—I was called a lecturer—is so dear you just have to look nice to counteract it."

"I gave a talk on London, but I had to leave out one or two jolly anecdotes—hands on Tyburn and that sort of thing. Not quite suitable really."

Peter Ustinov said: "My allegiance is pledged to another prison. I've been invited to talk to Parkhurst. But, oh, those envelopes and the paper they use to write on. You either think you're being called up or that it is a demand for notes, writing since 1912. Why can't they have brighter colours? Must be always be the colour of coffee with a dash of milk for wireless licence."

Mrs. Legge cut in: "Mine is

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# HIDDEN MYSTERIES OF THE UNDERSEA JUNGLE

THROUGH the blue haze of the silent underwater world there moves a living nightmare.

The creature is sucking water into a bladder-like pocket beneath its flabby stomach and throwing it out again. Thus it propels itself in jerky, sluggish bounds.

Eight tapering tentacles covered with suckers the size of tenebrionids wave and weave grotesquely as though trying to grope through some invisible barrier. It is an octopus!

No other creature on land or in the sea is quite so repulsive, much the embodiment of evil.

Through the centuries the octopus has been used by story tellers to represent the ultimate in horror. And, as a result, a multitude of legends—most of them impossibly inaccurate—have been built up around it.

Naturally enough, the underwater explorer is questioned about encounters with these monsters almost as frequently as he is asked about sharks. And his replies in such cases must be equally disillusioning.

The truth is that the octopus is a shy, nervous creature to whom the diver must be just as much a monstrosity as the monster is to the man. Generally, it will take every care to avoid even the possibility of contact with a human being.

There is the danger, of course, of a hand or leg accidentally making contact with an octopus during a dive. In that event the tentacles will react almost automatically and the suckers will get a strong grip on the flesh. But normally, it should not be difficult to cut oneself free with a knife.

## DEADLY GRIP

Such an encounter has never happened to me or to anyone I know. And I, personally, have never been able to authenticate any battle between man and octopus which has been more than a struggle to take the creature from the sea-bed to which it clings tenaciously after being harpooned.

But there is a well-documented account of a diver who did become entangled in the tentacles of an 80-pound octopus while working on the foundations of a light-house off Corsica. He was wearing a thick and tough diving suit which was torn apart in the struggle. Desperately, the diver stabbed the beast again and again between the eyes but it refused to let go. Finally, both were hauled aboard the diving boat, looked together. The man, half suffocated by the slimy body, had several ribs crushed and was taken to hospital, where he remained for six months.

As though aware of its own ugliness, the octopus leads a lonely hermit life. By day, it tucks itself away in some dark sea-bed grotto, a ball of flabby, greyish matter, half-hidden beneath a heap of small pebbles. Only after dark does it emerge and lunge wearily towards the surface in search of prey, spitting out a stream of black liquid when there is any danger of attack. The fluid spreads through the water, forming a smokescreen, under cover of which the octopus can make good its escape.

In tropical waters the octopus grows to an enormous size, often spanning 27 feet. Sometimes a grotesque specimen for larger than this is cast up dead on some palm-fringed coral beach. But off the coasts of Europe the normal size is nearer to two yards in length, with suckers about the size of a penny.

## INSATIABLE

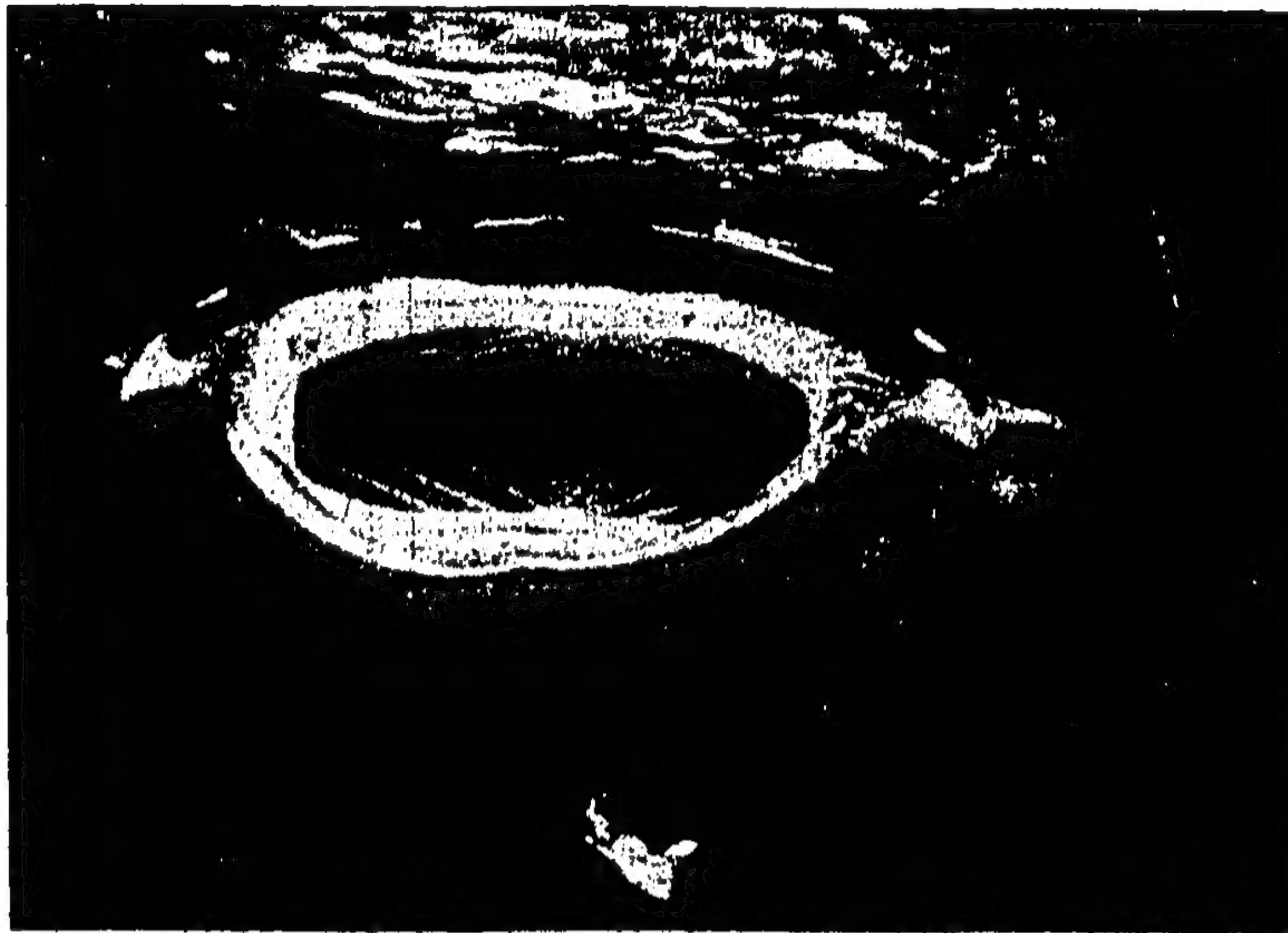
Even hardened underwater explorers are revolted by the sight of an octopus catching and devouring its prey. It is always insatiably hungry and is for ever stuffing food of some kind into its parrot-like beak. It is a great scavenger and seems to delight in feeding on matter which no other fish will eat—on bodies in the last stages of decay and decomposition.

The creature seems to have endless patience. It will creep, inch by inch, to some floating, unsuspecting fish before striking with deadly accuracy, its tentacles wide apart. There is a brief struggle, and then the poor fish is securely held and carried off, back to the lair of the octopus. There, held by the tail and the head, almost as though by two human arms, it is devoured at leisure.

The octopus, which is part of the body, pecks viciously at the head, the cold grey...

## FIGHT TO THE DEATH with an EVIL MONSTER

Fifth of a series by  
JEAN FOUCHER CRETEAU



With gaping jaws this "Terror of the Seas" glides silently towards the camera. Underneath it can be seen a Pilot (or Sucking) fish.

in a slimy grey, gelatinous mass—look out steadily, unblinking.

But a far greater terror of the deep than the octopus is that so-called Tiger of the Seas—the powerful, fighting barracuda.

In some water these voracious, streamlined creatures are feared far more than sharks. Resembling a pike in build, and weighing up to 60 or 80 pounds, they have powerful jaws and a formidable array of knife-sharp teeth which can inflict terrible, tearing wounds.

## SILENT DANGER

They are particularly dangerous to the underwater explorer because their movements are so fast. They arrive silently, unsuspectingly, and will attack anybody anywhere, without any apparent reason at all.

And while shouting and splashing may frighten away a shark, they will have no effect on a barracuda. The "Tiger" will attack a swimmer on the surface even in shallow water or in the surf off a bathing beach.

The biggest specimens, sure of their own strength, often live by themselves, feeding on any kind of fish. They are great eaters, and when they have gorged themselves they will round up more groups of fish, cornering them and mounting a gauntlet until their appetites have recovered.

The smaller specimens usually move about in groups, thus ensuring that their combined strength will give them

superiority over any possible adversary in the underwater world.

As far back as 1707 a Briton named Sir Hans Sloane wrote about the ferocity and greed of the barracuda. And he added the opinion that it preferred black men, dogs and horses to white men.

In 1742, a French priest, Father Labat, went even further than that. He wrote that the barracuda actually preferred Englishmen to Frenchmen. This, he surmised, must be because the Englishman (in those days) ate more meat than the Frenchman and so made a tastier, juicier dish.

Somewhat, I doubt very much whether such an explanation can account for my own good fortune, as a Frenchman, in escaping attacks by barracuda. Once in the Red Sea, I was swimming along the deck of an old wreck lying on the sea-bed when a great many of them flashed on the scene with typical suddenness.

Not daring to move I watched two groups, each of about 40, crossing and recrossing in formation close by me. After a while I plucked up courage to try to film them and succeeded in getting some good shots, but it was a disquieting experience down there, 60 feet below the surface.

Finally, I had to make for the surface, soaring right through one of the groups. Still they did not attack. I can only imagine that the whirl of my camera might have discouraged them.

Another day I was foolishly breaking an underwater ex-

plorer's rule by swimming alone on the surface, following the edge of an underwater cliff.

Suddenly I saw through my mask a barracuda of about 40 pounds, coming straight up towards me from the depths. When it was only about four yards away it stopped, turned and swam slowly away.

I dived after it with my camera but the barracuda, evidently objecting to being followed, whirled round and sped straight for me. The fin on its back was stiffly erect—a sure sign of anger. And its mouth was opening and closing with a clicking sound which was clearly audible in the water.

## KILLER WHALE

Just when I thought my end had come, the creature dodged past in a tight circle round me—and then disappeared into the depths.

A film star could not have provided me with better, more dramatic film shots. And nothing at all could have succeeded in frightening me more thoroughly.

From the Sea Tiger to the Sea Panther—the grampus, or killer whale. This is a terror of the deep which is still a question mark as far as the underwater explorer is concerned. So far, no one has had to pit his skill and cunning against the terrible strength of one of these creatures in the undersea world.

But, undoubtedly, an encounter will take place one of these days. And in my own view that will be the last day of the explorer concerned. For this is possessed of enormous strength and courage, lives chiefly by hunting and overpowering that other clever and cunning creature, the whale.

And it seems an almost laughable idea that puny, clumsy man, floundering about gracefully in a new world, could hope to be a worthy adversary for one such as this.

The grampus, shaped like a whale but distinctively marked with a black back and white belly, is found in most waters. Usually it hunts in groups, sometimes of only three or four, sometimes of as many as 30 or 40. It stalks its prey cunningly and then drives it into shallow water for the kill.

According to mariners' tales, the attack by the grampus on a whale is like that of wolves on a stag. But perhaps it would be more accurate to describe it as like that of a dive-bomber on its target.

One grampus, it is said, catches the whale by the tail and another by the head. More of them hit and butt and snap at its belly.

## MORAY EEL

Soon the whale is exhausted and its great tongue lolls out. That is the moment for which the Sea Panthers have been waiting. The tongue is the greatest delicacy and they gobble it down greedily as a kind of appetizer for the rest of their enormous feast.

As I have said, it seems more than likely that the first face-to-face encounter between an underwater explorer and a grampus will be both brief and decisive. Even a short account of some terrors of the deep would not be complete without mention of the moray eel.

This serpent of the sea-bed certainly is the most dangerous creature to be encountered in the Mediterranean. There it grows to seven or eight feet in length and weighs up to 20 pounds. In the tropics, specimens of up to 60 pounds are encountered.

## AN EXPLOSION

Like the octopus, the moray eel—another evil, almost repulsive-looking creature—hunts by night. By day it hides in some rocky fastness of the underwater jungle.

Normally, it will not attack the diver. But the danger is that the diver, entering some grotto where the light is poor, might accidentally put a hand or a foot too close to the moray.

Then it will strike, with teeth like a wild cat. The result is a very severe wound—and days of intense pain and inflammation.

Like many other creatures of both the land and the sea jungles, the moray is attracted immediately by blood. As soon as a diver is wounded, several will appear and suck like vampires at the wounds.

In the Red Sea, near the island of Zelfet in the Farsan archipelago, I was exploring a coral cavern, as magnificent in architecture and splendour as any I have ever seen. When I came face to face with a big green moray.

I backed away a little to give added force to my harpoon and then fired.

The arrow penetrated just behind the head, which was protruding from a crevice in the rock. The moray was at once, for the moray can tie itself in knots, making it itself impossible to remove.

But hard though I fought, I could not get the moray out of its hole.

Then suddenly, there was an explosion. The eel had curled itself up with such violence and strength that it burst apart the tough coral surrounding it.

My feet, which had been braced against the coral floor, slipped and I felt my leg in the jaws of the serpent. Happily as my harpoon was in the head of the moray, I could hold the fish clear. But I was held fast, 30 feet below the surface, and I was running short of air.

Fortunately, my companions on the surface saw my plight and dived to my rescue. Together, we managed to free my leg from the slimy, sticky coils. When we had hauled the moray on board our boat, we found that it weighed just 40 pounds—yes, 40 pounds of muscle and spitefulness.

## WORLD COPYRIGHT

NEXT SATURDAY:  
Trapped in A Ship  
Under The Sea

# William Hickey

## THE WEDDING OF MARGOT WAS LIKE ONE LONG DAY OF BALLET

I CAME across to Paris to see Margot Fonteyn married to Dr. Roberto Arias, the wealthy lawyer from Panama.

I have been watching her dance in many roles for nearly 20 years, so you must not wonder if I saw all the events of the day in terms of ballet—and it was quite a dance, I assure you.

It started at London Airport soon after 10. On came the prima ballerina in a red coat and grey hat. Rather a small, grave little woman.

With her was Frederick Ashton, who has never created such a ballet as today's, Jenn Gilbert, the attractive pianist at Covent Garden who has been living in Margot's flat; Ninette de Valois, the grey-haired but beautiful woman who has made Sadler's Wells an international institution.

## Dancing eyes

There was also Michael Somers, the romantic dancer who has partnered Margot in many of her roles.

It was a lovely sunny morning to be going off to Paris to be married, and if Margot had not danced her eyes did not seem to dance her eyes.

A corps de ballet of photographers accompanied her in the coach down to the plane. She posed gracefully, then disappeared offstage into the plane. And we all waited for the next scene of the ballet, "Marriage in Paris."

Margot was looking very sweet, very happy. She joked about the ridiculous card you have to fill up before disembarking. "It's only recently I've had the courage to describe myself as a ballerina. I used to put myself down as a dancer."

Change of scene now. A new corps de ballet at Le Bourget—photographers and men with fierce Latin expressions, polished pencils and cameras. "Why is your bridegroom not with you?" "There's a superstition," she said, "you must not see your husband until the ceremony on the day of marriage."

This baffled the French journalists. I felt they were sure that this was a deception, and that the bridegroom was hidden in a piece of luggage.

Still, Margot did very well. She danced her way through these difficulties, the Customs and the passport authorities, as if she were doing the second act of "Swan Lake."

## Enter a prince

The wedding ceremony was at the office of the consul-general of Panama. A curious small room, with five walls, a desk with one of those wonderful old-fashioned telephones, all spidery and elegant. Two wastepaper-basket-like vases filled with lilac and carnations. On a dusty bookcase a bowl of roses.

But the Panamanian photographers had already taken the place over. They were ranged two-high behind the desk. They lined the walls.

The British Ambassador, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, came in—very distinguished, very elegant. Obviously a grand vizier or prince in this ballet.

The room was packed to suffocation by now. The lady in front of me was almost fainting. She was Mrs. de Vallarano, wife of the Panamanian Ambassador in Rome, who had come over with her husband from Italy. She confirmed me that Dr. Arias would soon be appointed ambassador in London.

## Kisses all round

The bridegroom arrived. A handsome man, dark and elegant. And the Margot appeared on the doorstep. She hovered for a minute, she almost shuddered in her delicious grey Dior dress.

She had for a moment the expression on her face that the Swan Queen wears when she sees the magician. I felt she was saying to herself, "And he said we will be married in Paris because it will be so much quieter than in London." "But she is a good artist. A good trouper. She came for-

ward, said to her groom: "Am I married already after what I have signed in the hotel? ... Do I have to say anything more?"

Roberto stood by her side. The photographers flashed away, while the official read monotonously in Spanish.

I heard Senator Arias say "Yes." But I never heard Margot's answer. I think it was lost in the clicking of the cameras.

The new Senora Arias kissed her mother, her father, de Valois, Jenn Gilbert, and so on and so on. These ballet people are great people for kissing. The final scene—the reception—was at the Hotel Plaza Athenee, which provided an elegant backcloth. To announce the guests they had a wonderfully dressed major-domo—grey morning suit, white spats, white tie, and chain of office.

There was a fine display of lilies. And plenty of champagne.

Before Margot came down to the reception she had her photograph taken upstairs. I must say she was looking a little worn. There were still batteries of photographers. Even the family was involved, for her brother Felix, a professional photographer, was taking pictures.

## The mother

Margot's mother, Mrs. Hookham—her daughter was born Peggy Hookham in Heligoland, 23 years ago—was looking worried.

"I had no idea it would be like this," she said to me. "I thought it would be so quiet."

Sir Gladwyn Jebb, realising his role in this ballet was not yet ended, came up and put for a picture with the bride and bridegroom. And then Margot, almost in desperation, said: "Do you mind? I want to enjoy my marriage now."

Later the bride and her husband left for New York on their way to the United States. That was the final scene in the performance. It had been a long role for Margot. A strange mixture of stage glamour and back-stage reality. But then, she has been used to that all her life.

# HOW FIT CAN YOU BE AT THE AGE OF 40?

By Chapman Pincher

## STANLEY MATTHEWS,

the greatest footballer of all time, who is 40, believes he is good for another five years of First Division Soccer.

Most top-class footballers are finished after 10 to 15 years' professional playing. Matthews has already played for 25 years.

Is he deluding himself, like so many who have carried on until they were second-rate rather than admit that they had reached the time for retirement?

To answer this question I consulted some of the leading experts on the subject, including the medical adviser to the British Olympic team, Sir Adolphe Abrahams, and Mr. Matthews himself.

## His muscles

I am happy to report there is all-round agreement that Matthews should retain his match-winning magic for several years yet. There are five facts which should make him an exception to the rule that footballers are finished at 40:

1. His excellence, depends on his muscles. He outwits his opponents by moving his legs with the rapidity of a ballet dancer and swerving at angles which seem to defy gravity. The same co-ordination of muscle and mind enables him to pass the ball with uncanny accuracy.

This kind of skill, like the co-ordination of hand and eye

in cricketers, does not diminish in the early forties. Unremitting practice has imprinted it so deeply in Matthews' nervous system that his reactions are not noticeably slower than they were 10 years ago.

His ball control is so much better than most other players that he could sustain some loss of speed before his play deteriorated.

## His injuries

2. Partly by luck, but mainly through his exceptional agility, Matthews has escaped the serious injuries which afflict most footballers and have a cumulative effect over the years.

The knee, and ankle injuries which have occasionally kept him out of the game have left no lasting results. He claims that he is as quick off the mark with the ball as he was 10 years ago, and recalls his unparalleled performance in the 1953 Cup Final in support.

3. Through persistent training and abstemious habits—he is a life-long teetotaler and non-smoker—Matthews is in splendid physical shape.

"There is a world of difference between an inactive man of 40 and a trained athlete of the same age," Sir Adolphe Abrahams said, looking pointedly at me. "The ravages of the years do not make themselves felt so quickly in a man who keeps himself in tip-top condition."

Training has increased the size of Matthews' heart muscles and strengthened the power of their beat. To do the same work my heart has to pump

about 12 beats a minute faster than his.

If lungs and blood system are highly efficient at supplying blood to his vibrant muscles so that his legs can work overtime without fatigue.

4. Being slimy built, Matthews is unlikely to experience the weight troubles which beset many footballers in the forties. There should be no middle-aged spread to slow him down and no dieting rigours to weaken him.

"I still scale 11st, 2lb. stripped, as I have done for the last eight years," he told me. Matthews' eye-tight, on which he so much depends for his dribbling wizardry, remains excellent. He has no need of glasses for reading.

To cap all these attributes Matthews enters the forties with the supreme conviction that he is going to play as well as ever. He has tremendous zest for life and his life is football.

## His confidence

Sir Adolphe Abrahams sets much store by this display of confidence. He believes it should more than make up for any results of wear and tear which may appear in the next few years.

"The mere presence of Matthews on the field in a match-winning mood should surely be worth an extra 10 per cent to his side," he said.

Modest Mr. Matthews would make no comment on this remark except to say: "It's how you feel that matters when you are 40, not how many birthdays you have had. And I never felt fitter or stronger."

(London Express Service).

# RAF MEN GOING GHOST HUNTING

By LES ARMOUR

ROYAL Air Force officers here are going ghost hunting—with

This hope to track down the "White Lady"—the 900-year-old "ghost" of 19-year-old Juliet Tewesley, who hanged herself after an unhappy love affair.

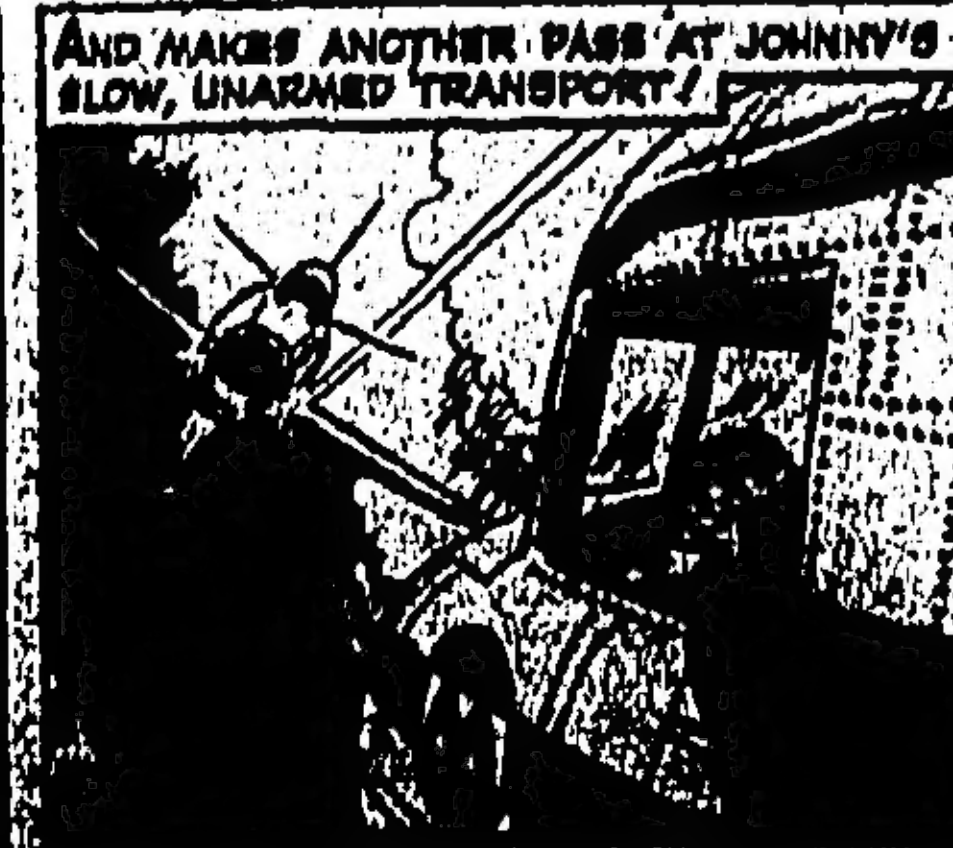
Juliet was buried under the floor of the Ferry Boat Inn here. She is said to appear every March and to walk across the floor of the bar.

The RAF men don't like the idea. The Ferry Boat is their favourite drinking haunt and every March on the anniversary of her death their routine is upset by people who are afraid of ghosts. So they are going to plant radar equipment along the route Juliet takes. If there is "anything" there, they figure it ought to show up on the screen.

But they may not prove anything. Most ghost experts are convinced that ghosts are "immaterial" and so won't show up on the screen. The experts, however, disagree as to just what they are.

Most recent suggestion was the one Britain's noted philosopher, the late Dr. C. E. M. Joad, advanced: They are the spirits of those who were too fond of the things of this world during their lifetime—and they were therefore never able to get away. That he added: "These are the things that are most likely to be seen."

## JOHNNY HAZARD





## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



Many of the high fashion collections seen designed for the debutante. Typical is Antonelli's taffeta dress with full skirt worn over petticoats.

ANNE SCOTT-JAMES, at Italy's dress shows, finds sparkle—and some frights

## Yes, I'm PUNCH DRUNK!

(after seeing what these Italians do with colour)

Florence. THE Italians have shown their collection to the world. The wires buzz with stories (horing to me) of fashion battles between Rome and Florence, or Italy and France.

What's it all about? Does Italian fashion matter a pin to you and me?

If you care at all about fashion, I think Italy matters enormously. Though I have seen some frightful clothes—most of the Italian haute couture can only be described as French Provincial

—I have also picked up an armful of wonderful ideas. There's inspiration and brilliance at the shows, in the shops, in the streets.

From the hotchpotch that I have seen I have tried to sift the ideas that we could, should and must use at home.

LET'S USE THE ITALIAN COLOURS. I find colour the best single thing about Italian fashion—some of the designers here have the best colour sense in the business, and I'm not forgetting Dior. Most of their colour combinations would look as beautiful in England as they do in the strong pure light. (Don't hate me too much, but the sun is blazing on the arched city and the jagged Tuscan hills.)

We make our soft climate the scapegoat for the mud and muddle of our colour scheme. But really, we are just too lazy to study the subject. A French artist once assured me, after shopping in London, that the English are colour blind.

LET'S USE IDEAS. Like Simonetta's coffee-coloured evening dress with long gloves of hyacinth blue.

Or Emilio Pucci's under-water colours, which ripple like the sea in skirts banded in violet, sapphire, turquoise and aquamarine.

Or Capucci's ice-cream pink chiffon evening dress with a Fichu of shocking pink.

Nobody in Italy thinks that related colours clash.

Where an English designer puts "a touch of white" on sapphire blue, an Italian puts another blue—turquoise. They put pink against scarlet, red against orange—and how right they are.

One-colour idea

LET'S send our shop-window dressers on a trip from Milan to Rome to study the colours. They would drop their bit-of-everything windows, and beguile the eye with more one-colour displays.

I have seen one window dressed with nothing but cherry-red blouses, sweaters and scarves—and I went mad for a cherry-red sweater.

I saw a leather shop window with everything black, and longed for a new black handbag. The punch of one colour impelled you to buy.

THREE STYLES

Hats split into three main styles: For morning: Head-hugging felt cloches, very plain with no brim and no marked crown.

For afternoon: Confections of chrysanthemum petals swirling round the head and covering most of the hair. Colours are pink, gold or green.

For evening: The Gotha girl hat, with the base on the hat instead of on the head. LA

While others show a very feminine vision of the tailored suit with rounded shoulders and short jackets, Michael's gown features a

WHAT ITALY DOES WELL

The holiday clothes have a n i q u e vitality. This beach wrap and hood in striped wool is by Emilio Pucci.



Straw makes the smart accessories



Straw makes the newest looking beach bag in Italy (left), in the shape of a parrot. (By Emilio Pucci.) The straw beach hat with an open crown is decorated with jewels. Luciana's jewellery is beautiful, always big and impressive. The gilt mesh bracelet, four inches deep, has turquoise drops. It's straw again for the waistcoat (right)—but straw so smooth and fine that it looks like scarlet silk. (By Paolo di Florence.)

And the cotton shirts (with properly stiffened collars) printed in big bubbles in many colours.

LET'S WEAR ITALIAN ACCESSORIES. This season there are fresh ones, and of all those I have seen the accessories are what I would have liked to buy for myself.

There's new costume jewellery from long, clanking chain necklaces to earrings made of clusters of big rhinestones. There are simple cotton hats in plain bright colours, such as coral, lemon, raspberry. Much newer than a straw hat with summer dresses and coats—if I were a milliner, I'd make them in thousands.

There are harlequin shoes, by Ferragamo, in suede of many colours—even the heels of beach shoes are different.

LET'S ADMIRE THE WAY THEY DESIGN FOR THE YOUNG. Though most of the town clothes I have seen left me cold—too elaborate, too self-conscious, too many petticoats, too much detail—the debutantes' clothes here are delicious.

Let's dress our young girls in white lace or organdie for dances instead of crumpled net, and make puff sleeves illegal.

All have sparkle

ITALIAN fashion really adds up to a triumph of gaiety.

I can't see this country launching a new line that will stir the shape of women in three continents. On the contrary, the formal clothes are painfully derivative.

Big bubbles

AND the new one-piece dresses of cotton jersey which look like sweaters and skirts; they are striped horizontally, from the shoulders to the hips.

The more you eat Italian food the better you like it. It isn't undeniably brilliant, like top French cooking, but it grows on you.

My favourite Florentine restaurant is Camillo's, on the left bank of the Arno, where you can watch the cook beating steak and landing out broth while you wait for your supper.

Favourite recipe

I ASKED Camillo's for the recipe of one of the dishes I liked best:—

PETTI DI POLLO ALLA CAMILLO (Chicken breasts a la Camillo)

Take some slices of the white meat of a chicken, cover them in bread crumbs and sauté them to a golden colour. And have a mixture of as many of the following ingredients as you can lay your hands on (you can make your own adaptations):—raw ham, tongue, Gruyère cheese, and truffles, all diced very small and mixed with grated Parmesan cheese. Moisten with gravy and butter.

Cover the chicken slices with this mixture and put in a hot oven until they are browned. No potatoes with this dish, just the salad.

Here is another recipe, from a famous inn in the mountains: FLORENTINE FRIED ARTICHOKE

Take a globe artichoke and cut into slices. Dip the slices first in beaten egg yolk then in flour and fry in boiling olive oil.

Flattered?

THESE things Latin women say to you.

I met an Italian writer who is also a well-known beauty. She said: I've heard so much about you, but they haven't told me you were beautiful.

I would gladly believe that. It's very nice of you to think so.

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NESTLÉ'S — A VERY GOOD NAME FOR CHOCOLATE

Household Hints

To keep the whites of poached eggs fluffy instead of flat, add a tablespoon of vinegar to the water in which they are to be cooked.

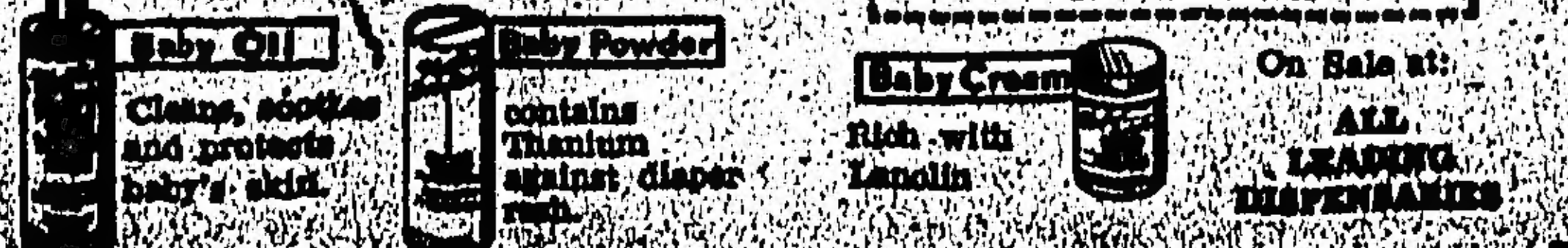
Unshelled nuts keep better than those shelled, and unsalted keep better than those salted. All nuts keep better at low temperature, so it's a good idea to refrigerate them rather than store them on a kitchen shelf.

When baking fish, use a moderate oven and cook until the flesh flakes easily with a fork. Avoid high heat or long cooking.

In baking yeast breads, let the dough "rest" about 10 minutes before moulding. Dough which has set briefly results in better shaped rolls and loaves.

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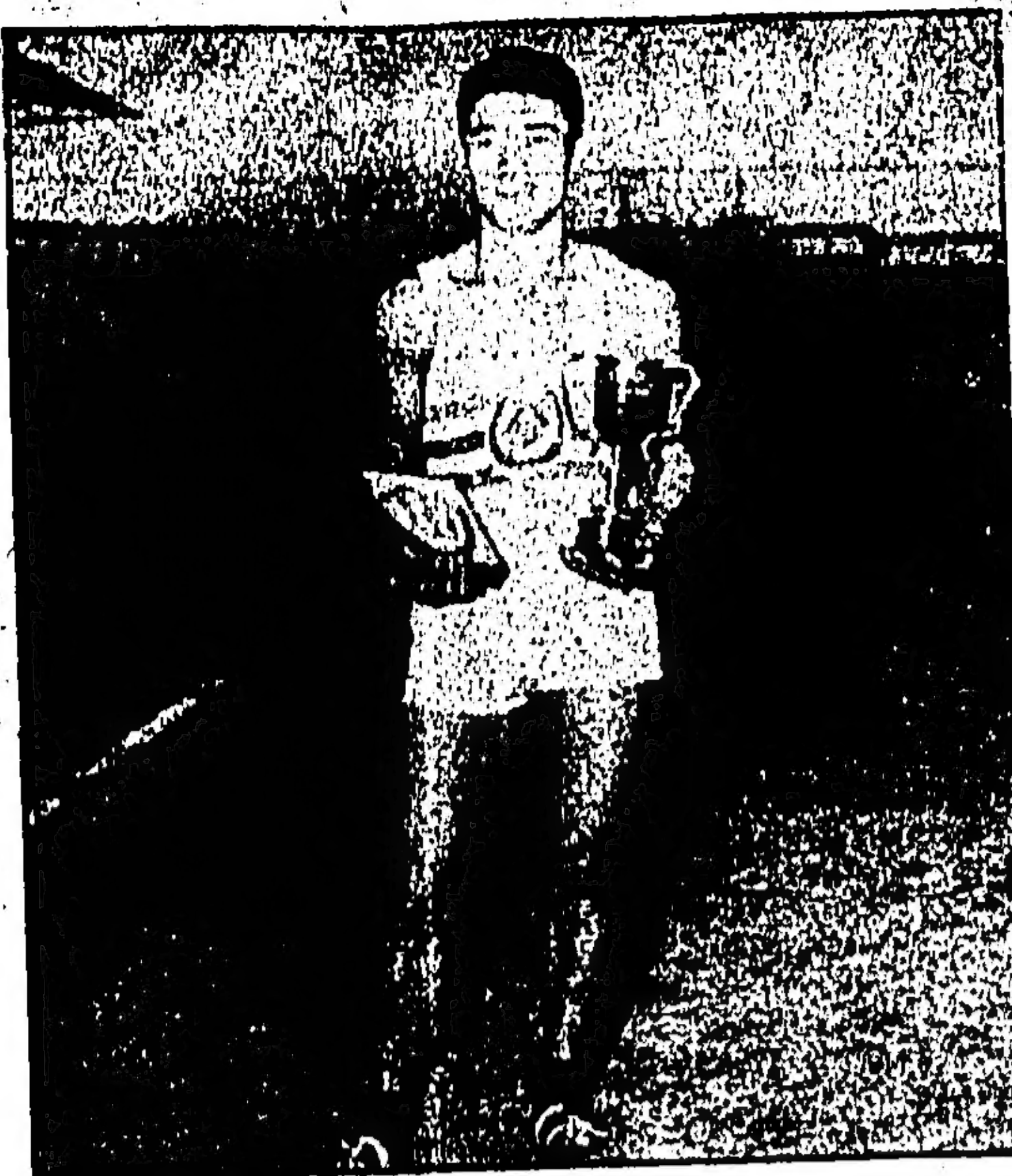
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A toast in honour of Mr P. F. Llamas (seated), the new Consul for the Philippines, who was guest of honour at a luncheon given at the Filipino Club last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



CHU MING, who won the Colony Pentathlon last Sunday at Caroline Hill, pose with his prizes at the end of the meet. (Staff Photographer)



AT the inaugural dinner of the Hongkong Branch of the Household Brigade Comrades' Association, held at the Volunteer Centre. The President, Mr Hugh Barton, is third from right. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Lt-Col E. P. Gladow and his bride, formerly Miss Mary Bates, leaving St Joseph's Church after their wedding last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Two candles to blow out with one breath. At Roger Renfrew's birthday party. Roger, who is two, is the son of Mr and Mrs C. H. Renfrew. (Willie's)



FRIENDS of Mr and Mrs David Wilson at the christening of their baby son, Duncan Maclean. The ceremony took place at the Union Church, Kennedy Road, (Mainland)



AIR Marshal E. N. Guest, Inspector-General of the Royal Air Force, who arrived from Singapore on a visit last Saturday, in conversation with senior officers at Kai Tak Station. (Staff Photographer)



THE official table at the Tung Wah Hospitals' Charity Ball, held at the Ritz. From left: Dr the Hon. K. C. Yeo, Mrs S. N. Chau, the Hon. R. R. Todd, Mr Seaward Woo (Chairman of the Board of Directors), Mrs Todd, Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Group picture taken after the christening at the Rosary Church of Peter Henry Triggs, infant son of Mr and Mrs Henry A. Triggs. (Staff Photographer)

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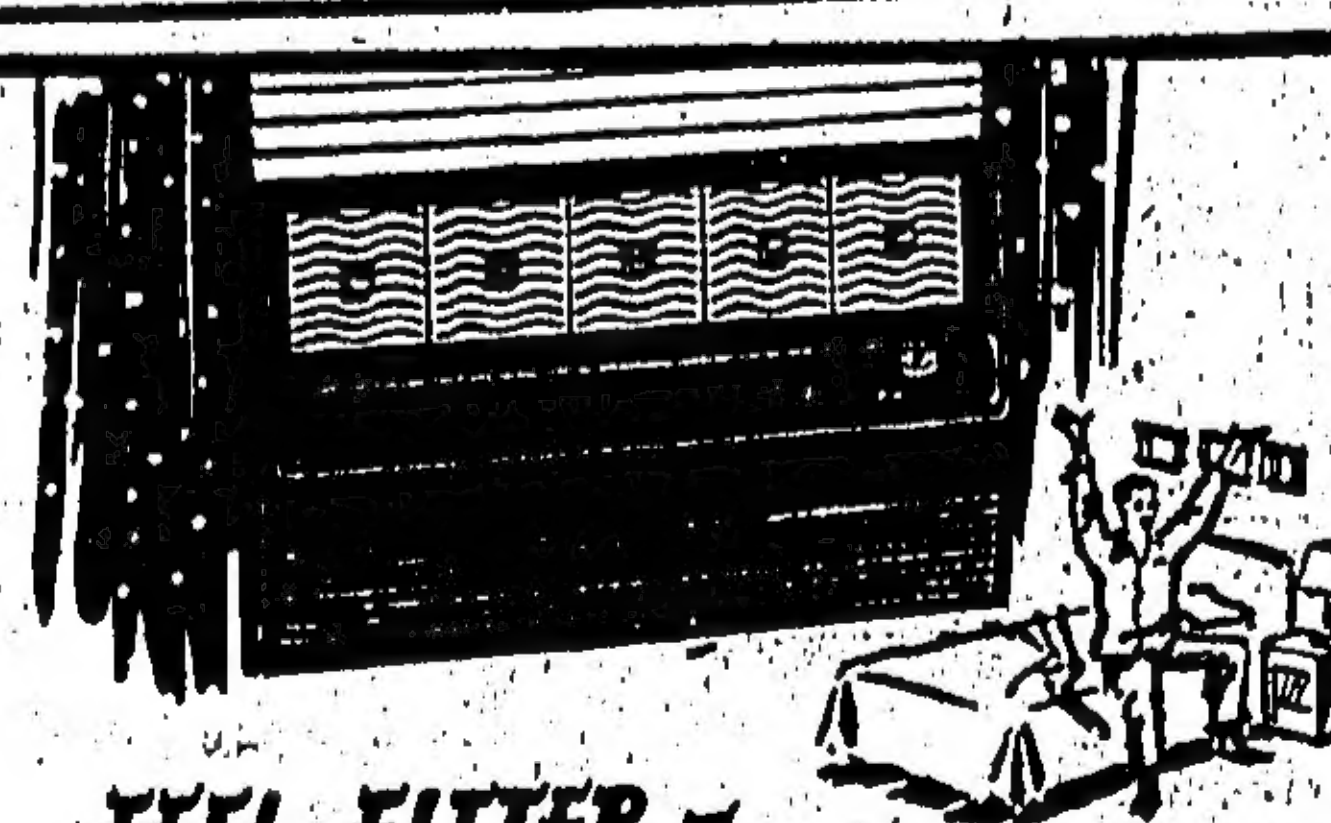
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BELOW: Mrs R. B. Black, wife of the Colonial Secretary, presented certificates to 65 nurses and four dressers at a graduation ceremony held at the Queen Mary Hospital on Monday. Group after the presentation. (Staff Photographer)



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THE Rev. Bro. Cassian surrounded by friends congratulating him on the presentation to him of the insignia of the Legion of Honour. The French Consul-General, Viscount Jacques de Soreac de Muxon, made the presentation at St. Joseph's College on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



CHRISTOPHER, son of Mr and Mrs D. R. Holmes, blowing out the candles at the party celebrating his ninth birthday. (Mayfair)



BAPTISM of Joan Linda, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Rogers, at St. Andrew's Church last Sunday. (Mainland)



BELOW: The Underwriters' crew, who won the Chairman's Cup for Hong Fours at the Inter-Hong Regatta last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



THERE was a "war of the roses" on the greens of the Kowloon Bowling Green Club last Sunday when Yorkshire played Lancashire. Group picture of those who participated. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: The 72 LAA XV, who defeated 1st King's to win the Land Forces Rugby Championship on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



THE 1st Hongkong Company of the Boys' Brigade and Life Boys paraded last Sunday before service at the Victoria Garrison Church. Col. J. A. Hopwood inspecting the boys. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, arriving at the Yuen Long Middle School for the annual prize-giving on Thursday. With the Governor is the Headmaster, Mr. I. S. Wan. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: The Australian Trade Commissioner, Mr. H. C. Menzies, takes to the floor at the first annual ball of the Australian Association of Hongkong, held at the Peninsula Hotel. (Staff Photographer)

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# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

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IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA

## Ingenious "Do-It-Yourself" Inventions Cover A Wide Range

London. But in this year 1955 they will find that professional home decorators, or beautifiers, are hard to find and when found are prone to be all but permanently busy. It is then they will discover the new vogue which brilliant modern manufacturers have brought to their relief, methods known as "Do-It-Yourself."

At the Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition which opens at Olympia on March 1, and precedes Easter, every sort of "Do-It-Yourself" equipment and device will be shown on many

stands representing famous firms in all manner of trades. For instance, starting from the floor, there is one simple commodity which will save hours of laborious work. With it you can bind carpets and coconut matting, join carpet strips, repair upholstery, mattresses, clothing, stockings, toys, books and sports equipment. It can be used to patch deck chairs, tents, sun blinds, or sacks.

With it you can make pelmets, table-mats, lampshades. It is impervious to washing and boiling and is weather resisting. There are plastic tiles which can be made to adhere firmly to a wall merely by soaking them for a moment in water and putting them into position.

★ ★ ★

You will find paint removers which will remove anything from enamel to polish and paint rollers which can stain and polish in one operation.

Should carpets require replacing and economy be essential there are devices with which a child can make carpets and rugs at over 150 loops a minute.

Among the many uses to which plastic materials are applied is a new cellulose powder which, when mixed with water, makes wallpaper hanging as simple an operation as the sticking on of a stamp. It is strongly adhesive and yet not so messy and troublesome to use. Demonstrations of its use will be given daily throughout the duration of the exhibition.

Households which include a domesticated man will find at Olympia exhibits of a sort that blend all the pleasures of a hobby with immense utility. Without any sawing or planing or measuring (and, perhaps, regretting amateur arithmetical errors) furniture of the highest quality may be constructed from ready-to-assemble kits merely by following the simplest of instructions.

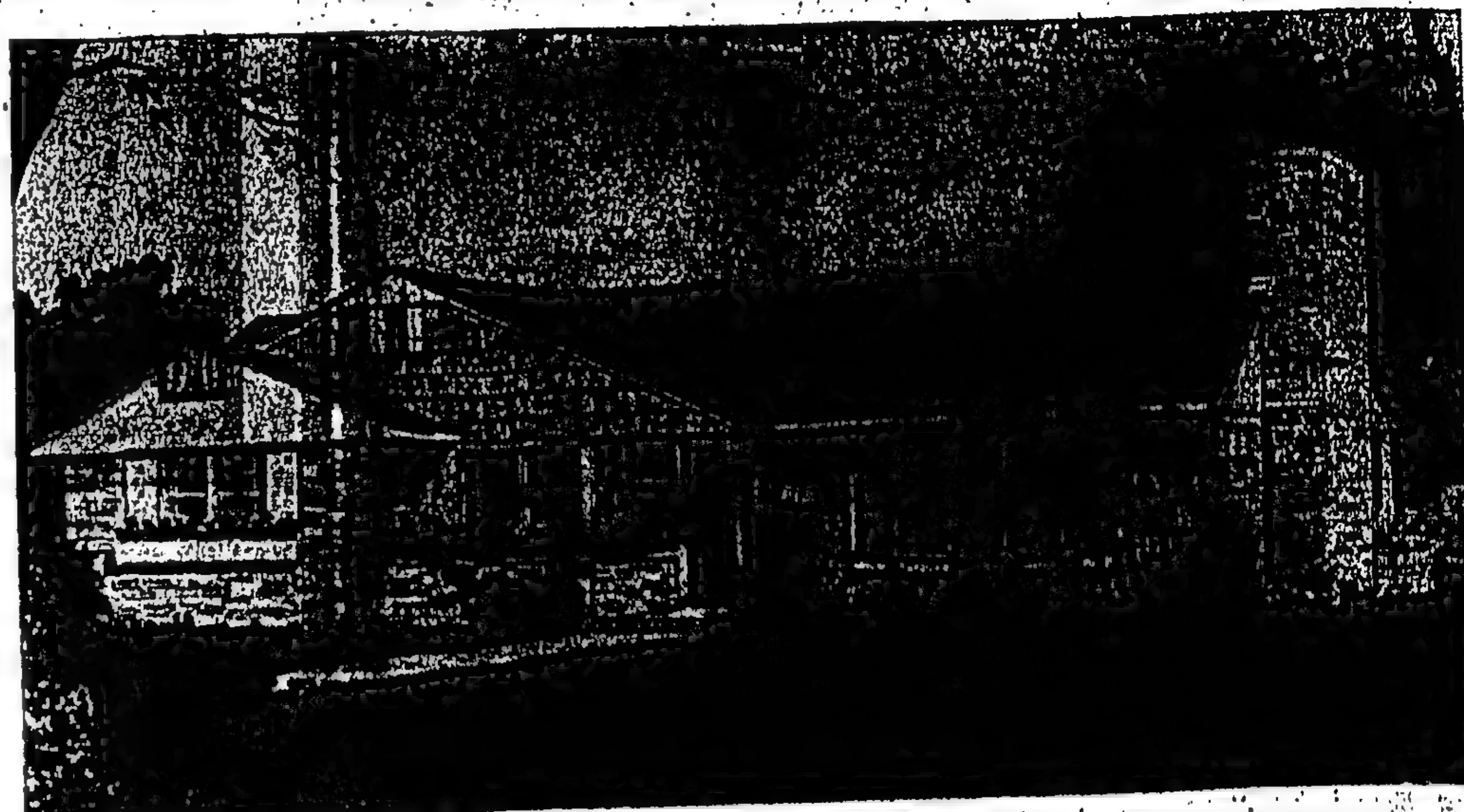
There are other forms of cupboard, shelf and bench making, demanding the minimum of skill, which would delight the amateur carpenter and produce house fixtures of a sort that would endure for many years.

★ ★ ★

The abolition of draughts from windows and doors, which up to recently has been left in the hands of the most experienced of craftsmen, has been brought within the ability of anyone who can use a hammer. Pre-formed spring phosphor bronze excluders will be on show at the exhibition which the visitor could hammer into place to exclude all draughts.

The range of Do-It-Yourself inventions which will be seen in the Empire Hall at Olympia in March is too wide and too numerous to mention in detail. It extends to making your own jewellery to your own design with stones of your own fancy. Modern ingenuity has made a joy of the drudgery of what will probably cease being called "spring-cleaning."

## Designed With Children In Mind



HERE'S A HOMEY KIND OF HOUSE, especially designed for family living. A combination of stone and shingle lends rustic charm to the design, while a large planting box gives the man of the household a chance to turn into an enthusiastic weekend gardener.

By Joan O'Sullivan

EVERYONE knows children make a home, but here's a home that's made for children!

The architect not only took them into consideration when drawing up the plans, he actually built one section of the house around them. That's why this house is sure to rate a nod of approval from Mom, a lady who must successfully cook and clean while doing an all-day job of baby-watching.

### The Kitchen Lookout

First, note the location of the children's indoor-outdoor area. It's at the back of the house, easily accessible and visible from the kitchen. Mom can peel potatoes and still supervise the children, whether they're roughing it up outdoors or confined to the indoor play and study area, where a wall of glass doors keeps them in clear view of the kitchen.

There's plenty of room for play. There's also generous storage space—double closets in the play-study room, supplemented by a toy storage unit, accessible from indoors or out. Could Mom ask more?

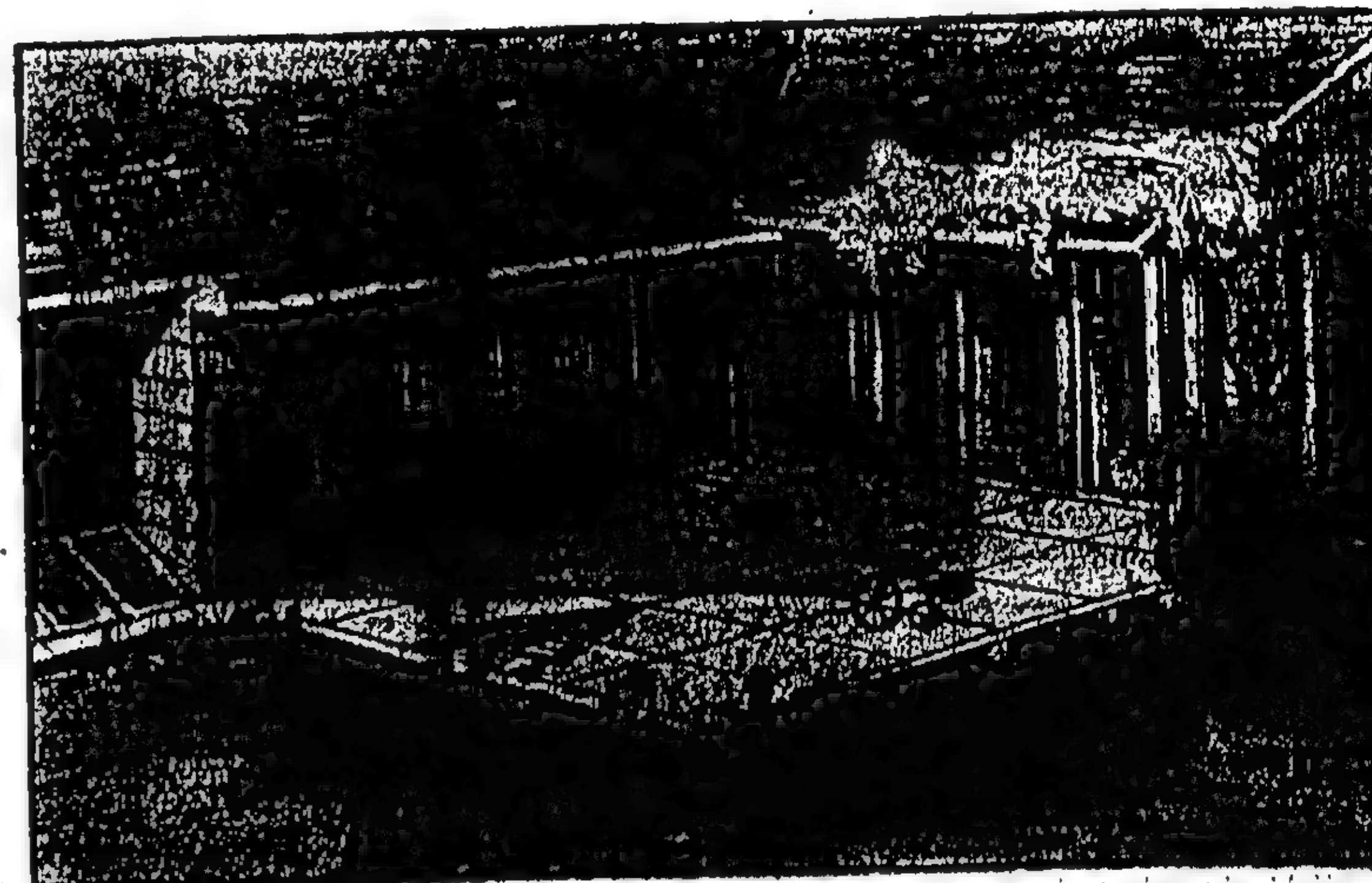
### Separate Sleeping Quarters

The children's bedroom is a separate room. Since it won't be filled with toys and such, it can be kept clean with a minimum of effort. Note, too, the lavatory nearby.

Mom and Dad needn't feel forgotten. This plan meets their needs, too.

At the front of the house, far away from nursery fancies, is their room for entertaining and relaxing. This living area is huge, with a decorative bay window, a log-burning fireplace, an exit to the covered porch and barbecue.

The dining room is separate, but that's a necessity in a family home. A serve-through



OUTDOOR AND INDOOR AREAS (glass doors at right) are ideally situated so Mom can work in the kitchen (high windows at left) and still keep a watching eye on her mischievous, active clan.

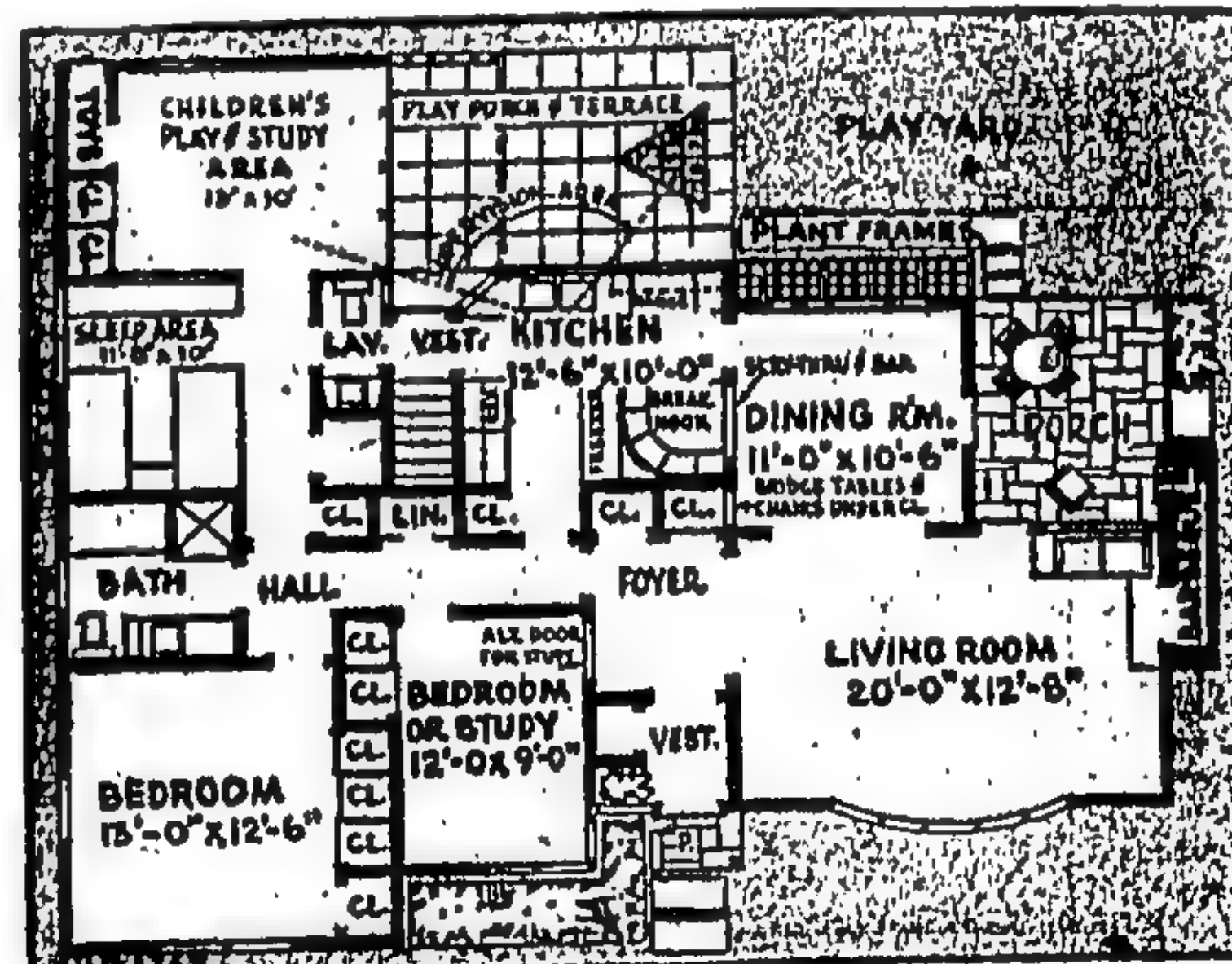
As for the kitchen, it's the last word in convenience, providing a place for a freezer, and a roomy circular breakfast nook.

### The Master Bedroom

The master bedroom is at the front of the house, within calling distance of the children's room, yet far enough away for privacy.

Another bonus is a third bedroom. In the latter event, its doorway would open on the vestibule. As the plan now stands, the room is designed for sleeping quarters, with a door opening on a hall leading to the bath.

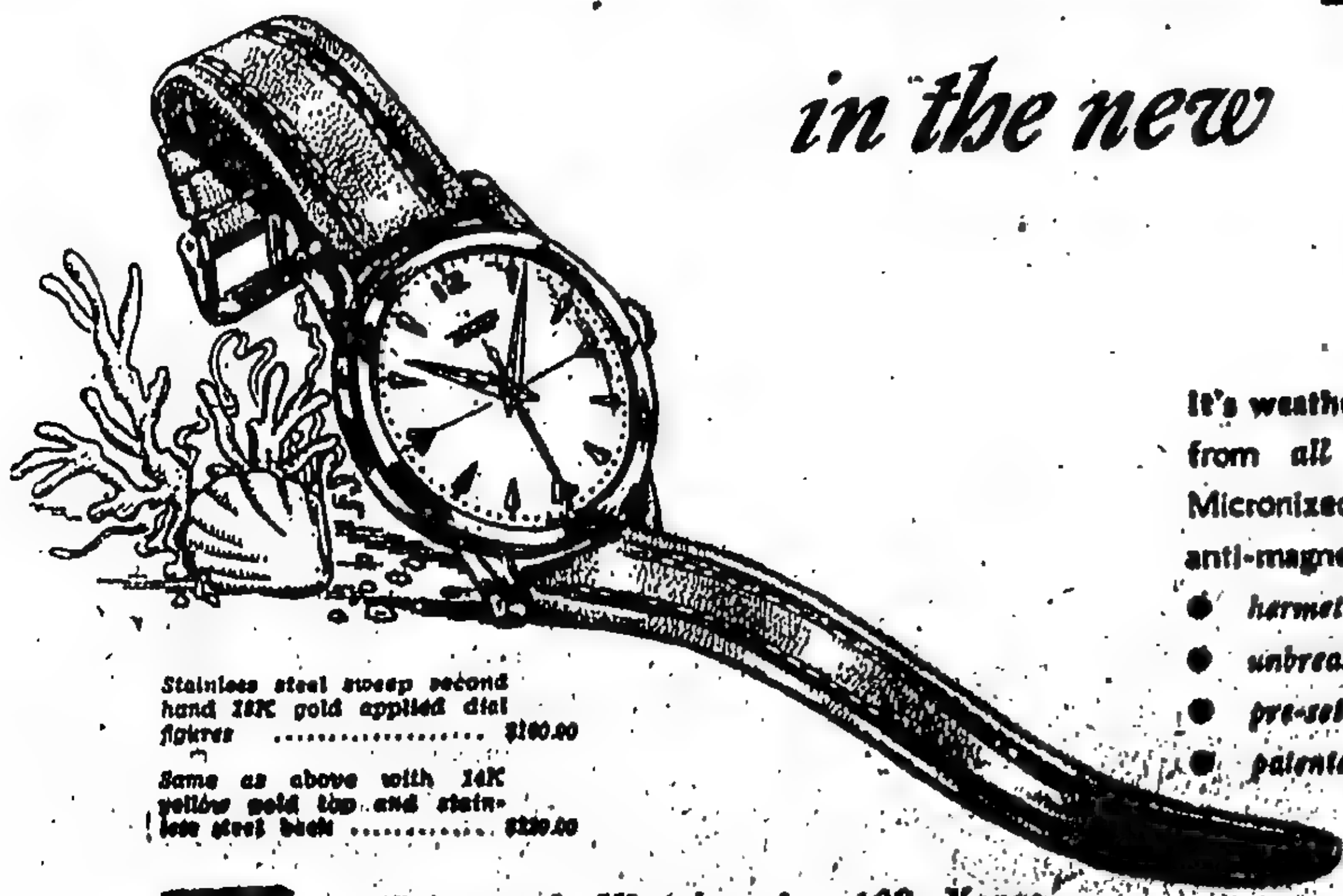
Be sure to count up the closets, a total of 14, including one for toys, one for linen and one that provides special space for a bridge table and chairs. The plan comprises 1,542 square feet, excluding porches.



THE CHILDREN WON'T be disturbed when Mom and Dad entertain. Their room's at the back of the house; the living room at front.

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## Scientists Have A Tough Job Developing Low-Calorie Sweets

New York. A HANDFUL of scientists in a chemistry laboratory are busy these days whipping up cookies, candy and ice cream for people who want to lose weight.

It is a tough job, too, figuring out formulas for cake just like mother used to make but with one-tenth the calories.

During the last 20 years, great strides have been made in producing foods for fat people who are trying to get thin, according to Milton Okin, vice-president of a dietetic food concern.

But the chemists still are having a tough time making some concoctions taste like the real thing Okin said.

Today, however, calorie-counting men and women can keep their sweet teeth filled

without fear of violating the doctor's orders or the diet chart. With the use of special gluten flour, sugar substitutes and various other ingredients, the experts are turning out a dietetic salad dressing, jam containing one calorie per teaspoonful, and low-calorie chocolates, gelatin desserts, puddings and soft drink syrups.

Chemists also have whipped up in test tubes and beakers a low-calorie waffle mix and special maple-type syrup that can be poured on without a quibble. There are low-calorie cake mixes, a special ice cream mix, no-calorie chewing gum, and low-calorie soup concoctions.

Ernest Fried, president of a firm specializing in frozen fruits for dieters, said salt-free, sugar-free apricots, for example, have about a third the calorie count as apricots tinned in syrup.

His firm also distributes low-calorie candy and non-products.

Another company turns out low-calorie crackers that look

and taste like graham crackers, for between-meals snacks. A glass of water is drunk after a cracker is eaten and it swells the cracker, making the consumer feel full when he really hasn't eaten much.

Okin said the biggest challenge in the laboratory is to make the substitute foods taste good.

It took three scientists nearly three years to develop a salad dressing which the maker says tastes like one of the best-selling dressings. The new concoction has one calorie per teaspoonful—19 fewer calories than the regular kind.

The chemists are working now on a mayonnaise that tastes as rich as the standard one, but isn't fattening. "There was a time when people went hungry to diet," Okin said, "but they don't have to now. A person may as well enjoy dining, if he has to do





SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

## ROUND THE WORLD ON £15

A young man's log of a young man's adventures

ALASKA? Brrrr, you shiver, and think of snowed-out and fur jackets frozen stiff with ice. But last summer, in June and July, I was working there in a heatwave of 90 degrees in the shade.

The Eskimo labourers, who spend most of their lives below freezing point, were almost fainting at their jobs on the goldfield where I was working. Some of them gave up in despair and flew back to their Arctic villages.

My stay in Alaska was accidental, but it was the most fruitful stage of a journey round the world that cost me £15. I had won a scholarship to America under the Fulbright scheme, and had spent a year doing research at the University of California, with all expenses paid.

### A joke

AMERICAN students are, if anything, slightly crazier than English undergraduates. A favourite practical joke of their fraternity boys was to take a car to pieces and re-assemble it in someone's room.

It is quite a shock to come back after a party, climb the stairs and find an enormous Buick sitting on your bedroom carpet, all ready to go!

I glanced at the atlas one day and realised I was half way round the world from London. Why not complete the circle?

I asked the Americans about holiday work, for many of the students there pay their way through college by working part-time during term and full-time in holidays. "Go to Alaska," they said. "That's where the money is."

### In Alaska

SO when I had finished at the university I went north and took a job on a goldfield at Livengood (permanent population: six souls) just outside the Arctic Circle, in the dead centre of Alaska. It is frozen up in winter, and high wages must be paid to get people to travel there just for summer work. We were working in

**RICHARD WILSON** is 26, a grammar school boy who went to Oxford on an ex-Servicemen's grant after doing National Service. Ten months at a university in California was followed by a world tour on an initial capital of £15. Watch for more extracts from his travel notebook.

63-hour week. Many travel to Alaska from the States, and the Eskimos and Red Indians come from their villages.

The name Indians sometimes causes confusion. One of the foreign students I met at the university—he was from Bombay—addressed a meeting once in a small California town. Afterwards a puzzled American asked him where he was from.

"From India," was the reply. "Gee," said the American. "You mean they have Indians there, too?"

I dug for gold in the Land of the Midnight Sun, and spent the evenings, in the local saloon, drinking beer out of time and whisky out of the bottle. The Eskimo word for whisky is "tangk," and that was the only word I had to learn to get on with them.

On American Independence Day I joined the celebrations with some misgivings, but when I saw the

quantity of Scotch that was being consumed I realised that it was my duty to support the export drive rather than sit in a corner.

I think I earned many dollars for Britain that night, and even persuaded some of my companions that it was a pity America did not stay in the Commonwealth.

When my visa expired I went to Canada with 800 dollars (£200) saved from 14 weeks' work. For a month I was in the beautiful city of Vancouver, set among majestic mountains.

Canada is expanding fast, and there are fine opportunities and good pay there for Englishmen with technical skills. But my intention was to work my passage in a ship to Japan.

Working a sea passage is the only way an impecunious globe-trotter can travel from one continent to another, and in the old days it was easy. Now it is hard to do. For one thing, the immigration laws have been

tightened. If a man is not allowed to land at the ship's ports of call, he has to stay on board as a charge on the ship, for the captain can hardly let him starve.

One fellow travelled between Europe and Pakistan for months before the officials at one port relented and let him off.

Another poor devil was trapped for months in a Hongkong ferryboat because he could not land at either end.

### In the queue

ANOTHER change is the better-organised seamen's unions. Many times I could not get a job in a ship because a qualified seaman was available. This is fair, but it makes things difficult for us world-circlers.

Once a Canadian ship needed a second cook and the union could not produce one, so the job was thrown open. The man in the queue ahead of me got it.

If I had stayed in Vancouver long enough I think I should have got a working passage, but time was short and I finally sailed as a passenger.

## The FARNBOROUGH MEN OF YESTERDAY

By J. W. TAYLOR

WHEN next you hear the scream of the faster-than-sound jets of today, give a thought to those brave pioneers who helped make it possible—the "Farnborough Men of Yesterday."

They caused a terrific sensation at England's first flying week at Blackpool, from October 18 to 26, 1909, and had a hundred thousand people massed on the Squires Gate drome, now an important Northwest airport, gasping at the daring of a pilot in bringing down his primitive machine low over them at an estimated speed of 70 mph. Appalled friends, fearful for his safety, called him a fool for thus risking his neck.

From this site, where present-day test pilots put the latest faster-than-sound jets through their paces at 60,000 ft and more, the flying week planes failed to reach twice the modest height of the resort's famous Tower, round which today's "ten-bob-a-tip" idlers are flown at air speeds thought "absolutely impossible" by onlookers there 45 years ago.

### Only Twenty

This flying week was staged when there were only 20 real flying men in the whole world—13 of them British—and to Blackpool it seemed that the world and his wife were bent on watching the astonishing exploits of these daredevil pioneers of flight.

They took dreadful risks in their machines built of wood and fabric, braced by wires and powered by 20-30 hp engines. Yet their models were the last word in plane design, for those were the days when the public had known for only five years that machines really could fly when a flight across the Channel was still being described as "heroic," "daring," ... when a pilot was being referred to as an "aeroplaneist."

The resort had never seen such big and excited crowds as gathered for the aeronautical displays. Public houses remained open until midnight, and always the conversation was of "flying." Princes, princesses, dukes, duchesses, and commoners alike, rubbed shoulders and scanned the sky for a glimpse in the murky weather of the flying machines.

This all-star cast of the air comprised airmen who held such British records then existing as: height 12,000 feet; distance 112 miles; duration of flight 3 hr. 4 min., and speed a rip-roaring 37 miles an hour.

These men were badly in need of capital to finance their enterprises, and with a £9,000 prize pool floating around it was a question of "fly or bust." The most sought after prize was £2,000 for the longest

flight of the week. It was won by a pilot who flew 47 miles. His crude machine was actually capable of going further but, after "working the levers" for 90 minutes, the pilot's legs and arms became too tired to permit him to carry on.

The almanac who really hit the headlines for speed purred along, with the aid of a following wind, at 48½ mph to smash the British record by 8½ mph.

Another pilot had to be "shouted down" for his own safety. This hero of the day flew in a 28 mph wind after other "aeroplaneists" had declared that it was too dangerous to leave the ground.

### Crowd Gasped

He managed slowly to climb into the wind. Then he turned and buzzed downwind at 70 mph. Actually he was only doing 42 mph, the wind helping with the rest of the speed. He had the huge crowd gasping then screaming with delight.

But friends feared for his safety, muttering what a fool he was. In sheer desperation, they cupped their hands as the plane zoomed past them 80 ft. above their heads and shouted to the pilot: "Come down, come down."

The intrepid young flyer, however, came down in his own good time. Friends who hurried forward to scold him were unconsciously swept aside by thrilled spectators intent on greeting an undoubtedly hero. Enthusiastic writers described the pilot's effort as "one of the marvels of aviation."

Yet all that now remains of a historic flying week are memories and the odd souvenir, like the illustrated paper service now held by the County Archivist, Mr. R. Sharpe. France, it has the week's programme printed on it—details of "appointments with danger" for men who served the cause of British aviation by their daring and enthusiasm, spurred by an abiding faith in the possibilities of future flight.

### Stuck In Mud

The Farnborough of our jet age all but effaces the memories of the days when a pilot could be seen smoking a cigarette as he buzzed along at a leisurely air speed of 30 mph; when on certain days of the flying circus planes would be caught by gusts of wind as they were taking off and abruptly forced down eventually to the repair sheds; when the landing area became sodden because of the rain, machines in taking off suddenly being stopped as their wheels stuck in a patch of mud; when machines "looked like birds hopping about the ground" as their pilots tried to lift them off the sticky turf to the encouraging shouts of spectators.

Well and truly did these men "reach for the stars."



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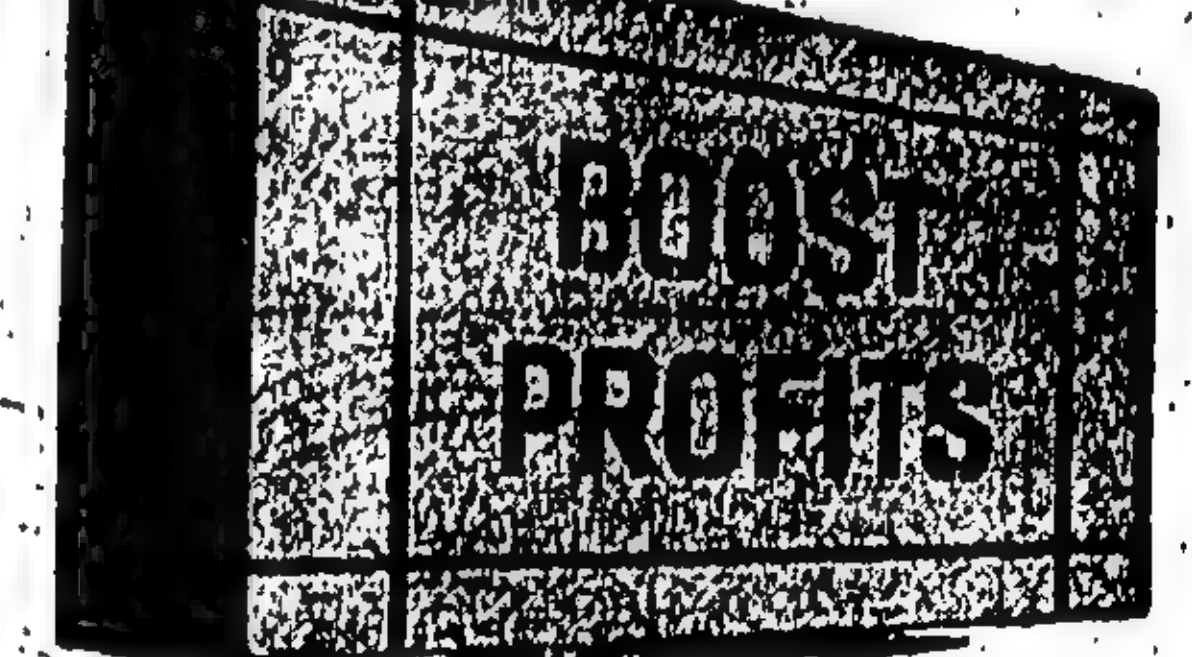
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OMEGA



## TOP OF THE COLUMN



"How many more times I before E except after C."

Louisa May Alcott

# Oh, how Amanda would have hated me...

**O RARE AMANDA!** By Jack Loudan, Chatto and Windus. 15s. 200 pages.

**AMANDA** McKITTRICK ROS wrote novels like no other novels since the world began. It was as if a confectioner, suffering

from sunstroke, were trying to land the Pavilion at Brighton in icing sugar. But let Amanda speak for herself, in the opening words of her first novel:

"Sympathise with me indeed! Ah, not Cast your sympathy on the chill waves or troubled waters, fling it on the cases of futurity; and it against the rock of gossip; or, better still, allow it to remain within the tame and faithless bosom of buried scorn. Such were a few remarks of Irene as she paced the beach of limited freedom."

Working up a fine lather of words, Amanda Ros wrote novels (Irene Kildesleigh, Delina Delaney) about persons of the highest social standing, and books of verse (Poems of Puncture), of which her lines on Westminster Abbey are typical:

Holy Moses! Take a look!  
Flesh decayed in every nook,  
Some rare bits of brain  
lie here  
Mortal loads of beef and beer.

At Home always to the honourable

Mrs Amanda M. Ros,

AUTHORESS.

But alas, not everyone was honourable; in particular, Amanda had reason to detest lawyers and literary critics. Loudan, her biographer, lists fifty expressions of contempt hurled by her at the latter (e.g. "daubing crabs, hogwashed hooligans, egotistical earthworms"). One of them was singled out for special opprobrium as "St Scandalbags," because he had suggested that a baronet in one of Amanda's novels wore unpuffed trousers.

Her prejudice against lawyers stemmed from a tedious lawsuit over a lime-kiln which she and her husband had been left. At the height of the litigation Amanda would drive each market day to the offices of the offending lawyers. Producing a toy trumpet, she would blow a derisive blast or two and, unfurling a banner declaring that she was being shamelessly victimised.

She had as this suggests, a touch in ordinary correspondence that was briskeer than the flowing style of her novels.

An Anglo-Italian, whom Osbert Sitwell calls "Glorioso de Dragoni," received from her in answer to his admiring letter a reply which began, "Dear Mr Glorioso de Dragoni, Your name is such it can be called—is unfamiliar to me."

Her favourite authors were Marie Corelli ("driven to a

premature grave through filthy attacks both on her works and person") and Oscar Wilde, whom she called "the tame tragedian," but in Alice in Wonderland she "could not recall one redeeming feature of elegance."

Hearing that an American collector had paid £15,400 for the manuscript of "Alice," she was incredulous. Was Alice, she asked, an accepted classic, like Irene Kildesleigh?

In 1938, this original with the touch of untutored poetry wanted her call, which came soon, to use heavenly manna: "Innocent I get snipped into a small snug vanguard where there will be plenty of ink—pen and writing pads, I will be content."

No reader of Loudan's biography—whom, not unympathetically, allows the facts to speak for themselves—will doubt that Amanda, writing as she feels and as she does not feel, will have a style to match any occasion.

by George

Malcolm Thomson

## PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

**MONEY** Acting on a familiar theme, "What Are the Requirements of a Perfect Marriage?" the Research Bureau has just analysed thousands of young girls only to discover that any one of them believed that love was all-important or even that it was necessary to marriage.

Instead of love, Austria's fair sex instituted "efficiency" as a breadwinner" as a more vital factor in a "Dream Husband." Over 75 percent of them, in fact, decided that they would rather have a husband who could win them a prosperous "Good Morning" than one who could only kiss them an affectionate "Good Night." Others were on the look-out for "good-natured" husbands or "really clever men."

Less desirable qualities, it appears (through feminine Austrian eyes anyway), are gallantry, good-looks and strong muscles.

A number of girls revealed that they hope that when they finally find their husbands they wouldn't be beaten or have furniture thrown at them or be left to do the housework all on their own.

The Research Bureau reveals, however, that there are some Austrian girls who are easy to please. These girls wrote that they would be satisfied with any man—provided that he was blond. In Austria, anyway, it seems that ladies too prefer them.

**HITLER'S ESCAPE** Next year will be the centenary of the institution of the Victoria Cross by Queen Victoria. Since then 1,344 Victoria Crosses and three bars have been won.

First to receive the medal was Midshipman C. D. Lucas for bravery during the Crimean war when he picked up a shell on the deck of his ship and threw it overboard.

One holder of the VC, Corporal Henry Tandy, of Coventry, won the medal in France in 1916 in the defence of a post at Merrin when one of the enemy was Hitler. Tandy, who successfully held the post, with nine men and put the enemy to rout, capturing several machine guns, has related that Hitler could have been bayoneted to death but was let off because he was a wounded man.

Tandy said, "If only I could have looked into the future, I'm damned if he'd have got off." The last organised meeting of holders of the Victoria Cross was in 1920 when King George

gave a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace to greet all surviving VC holders.

**EATING FEATS** A town with a strange claim to fame is colourful north-west tip of Spain. The locals boast that more gastronomic feats are performed within the ancient walls of Mondonedo than anywhere else on earth.

In support of this claim Mondonedo invite you to look at the breakfast menu of a typical townsman, Ramon Mendez, who starts the day off with 24 eggs. Or even Alfonso Cigarran, who every day drinks 50-60 glasses of beer before lunch as an "appetiser."

Other locals are not so thirsty as Alfonso and, instead, their particular "appetisers" consist of 80-90 sardines eaten non-stop—head, fins and tails included.

To try and make the headlines by way of a banquet is not un-naturally difficult in Mondonedo, so difficult, in fact, that when one bridegroom served a whole roast ox at a family dinner and instead of roast potatoes served separate roast chickens, the family cleaned the table and then went off to a friend's house to have a meal in celebration.

**MYSTERY TASTE** After more than a quarter of a century of research, New Zealand dairy scientists have just announced that they are still baffled by what they describe as "The Great Cheese Mystery"—the mystery, that is, of where the taste comes from.

The above may sound a minor problem but to cheese-makers it is a constantly recurring headache. If, say the cheese-makers, they could discover the reason why cheese tastes cheesy, they could then greatly help the customers and themselves by quick control of flavours.

If this is not enough to convince you that the cheese taste mystery is a real one, Dr H. R. Whitehead, of New Zealand's Dairy Research Institute, recently told a scientific meeting that he had personally become "obsessed" with the search for the mysterious taste.

"It is possible," says Dr Whitehead "for a chemist to distill from cheese the substance which produces its flavour but it is impossible to identify this flavour chemically."

Cheese-making has been reduced from an art to a science during the last quarter of a

century in New Zealand, but it appears that the end of the road—or the beginning of the taste—is still not in sight.

**MARIA** Spanish maidens are saying, "I am applying to become a film star—and 21-year-old Maria del Pinar Ramirez is determined to fill the gap."

Noting that Dominguez, El Lita, and Julio Aparito had all turned to the movies (Aparito still fights, but only part time), Benito Maria, applied to the Spanish chief for permission to fight bulls.

The chief is nonplussed. No girl has ever applied before. But Maria says there's nothing to it. She has already killed 14 bulls in private rings. "All you do," she says, "is focus your eyes between the bull's shoulder blades, then follow your sword through as you plunge between the horns. I practised for 10 months—and I only got hurt twice."

If she hasn't received an answer from the police chief by next month, she's going to the Azores to fight bulls there. The Portuguese have no objection to women bull-fighters—particularly, it seems, if they're Spanish and pretty.

**ON THE EYE** In French slang, getting something "on the eye" is something for nothing. It's a great French institution. The Paris bus and tube train services are in chronic deficit because of the horde of passengers who manage to travel "on the eye," or pretty near it. Any policeman, for instance, can hop a bus and the conductor won't even look at him for his fare.

Last week Paris Municipal Councilor Renee de la Tour, who because he'd had to cut up nasty before he could get in free to week-end football matches. Promptly the Council voted "on the eye" places for all grounds for Councilors and their wives.

**NO ROOM FOR JUMBO** There's a drawback to the disunion of being the biggest elephant in Britain, as Indian-born Jumbo in Harry Coo's Empire Circus is finding to her considerable inconvenience. Naturally, at 55, she has developed a middle-aged spread, as when one woman touches the scales at the wrong end of four tons, and her girth is hardly in keeping with her Dior conception of the ideal waistline. It measures some five feet, which is no help when it comes to among lookings for air.

Jumbo came up against this snag on her recent visit to Harrington Hippodrome, where she gave the specially shored-up stage a real test for a week and had the stage hands in agony of despair. Most circus proprietors are able to find accommodations for the out-of-control elephant in the stables of some public house, but one Harrington landlord after another drew the line at housing "the biggest elephant in Britain. Jumbo was much too big, even for the largest of public stables.

And, of course, some landlords were not too sure that it was altogether wise to billet an elephant in the pub precincts. As one host put it: "Customers may get a bit worried if they saw an elephant—even a grey one—on licensed premises."

**DIFFERENT HUNT** John Peel, legendary figure of the Braun upper-crust sport of fox-hunting, would most definitely never have approved of this particular fox hunt.

No hunting here, no "yorks, tally-ho," no yapping foxhounds, no galloping horses—just shabby raincoats of men rooting it through the brambles, and instead of hounds, rifles.

Foxes in the Godhurst part of Kent are getting hungry. As there are no more rabbits around as there used to be, so the foxes have been picking off sheep instead.

This week farmers went out after the foxes, determined to get as many of them as they could before the Spring lambing season starts.

The hunting foxes were driven towards a line of guns—the way they catch users—by 120 beaters who combed 2,000 acres of forest.

The day's score, eleven. Probably a lot better than J. P. ever managed in his outing.

**SEVEN-YEAR LIMIT** The pretty collectors who work as air hostesses with Aer Lingus, the Irish airline, are unhappy.

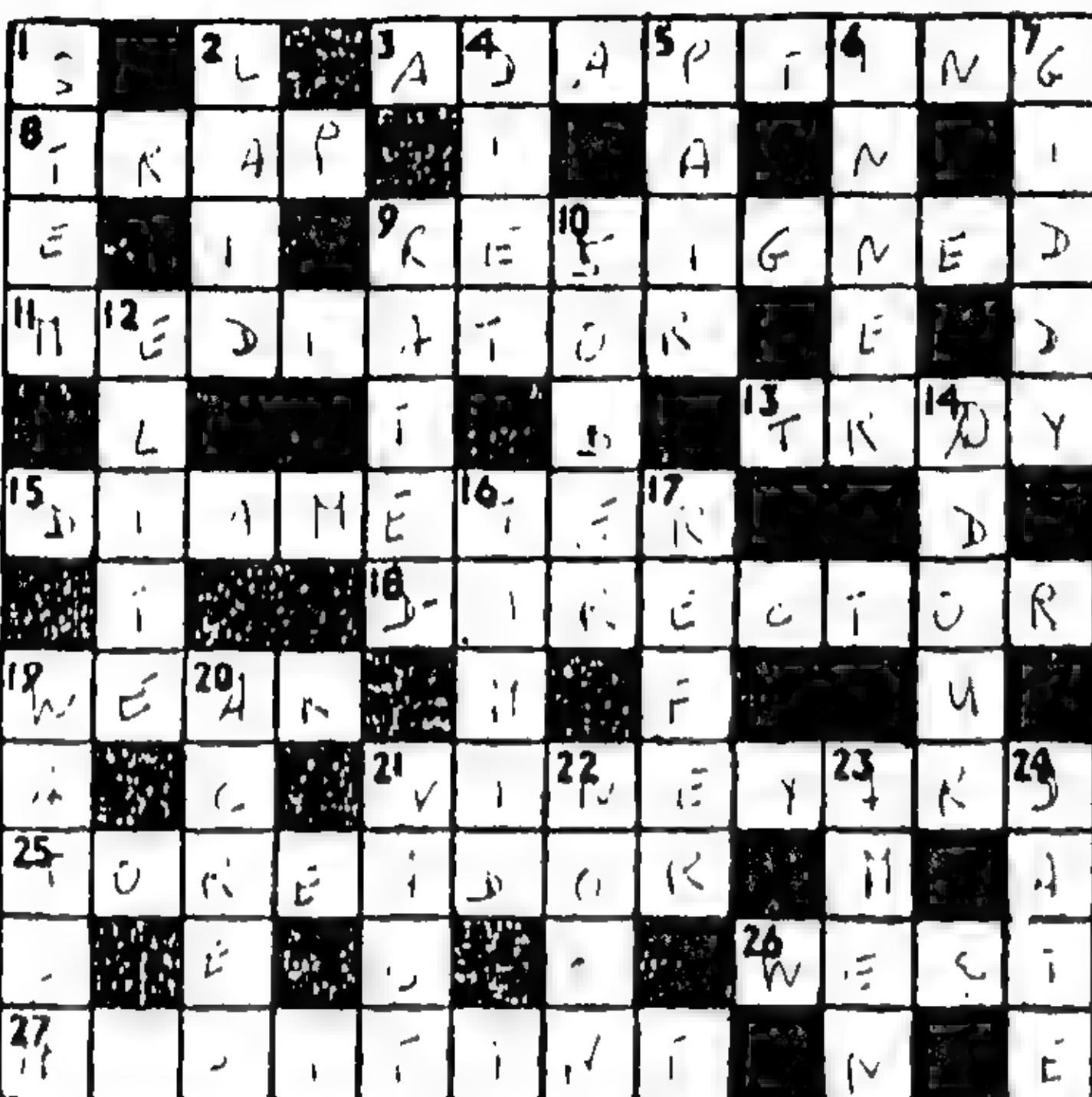
Last week the management announced that they must stop flying after seven years "on medical advice."

But the hostesses, whose ages average 23, think it's just blarney.

"What the company really means," said one, "is afraid to say, 'Is that it, dear? After seven years our glamour may wear off.'"

"This," said another, "is just an attempt to ring the changes on beauty." And the girls mean business. "The company's golden rule is not dropped the 'new' girls."

### A British Crossword Puzzle



## ACROSS

- 3 Making suitable (8)
- 6 Snore (4)
- 9 Gave up Office (8)
- 11 Go-between (8)
- 13 System of weights (4)
- 15 Width of a circle across the middle (6)
- 18 Hummer, chief (8)
- 19 Picnic (4)
- 21 Where troops are grown (8)
- 23 Bullfighter (8)
- 25 Compass point (4)
- 27 Doubtful (8)

## DOWN

- 1 Stalk (4)
- 2 Deposited (4)
- 4 Regiment (4)
- 5 Couple (4)
- 6 Internal (8)
- 7 Dizzy (5)
- 8 Assessed (5)
- 10 Sedate (5)
- 12 Best part (5)
- 14 Secret (5)
- 16 Shy (5)
- 17 Alude (5)
- 19 Timepiece (5)
- 20 Land measures (5)
- 21 Immense (4)
- 22 Midday (4)
- 24 So be it (4)
- 26 Appointment (4)

**YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD**—Across: 1 Stumps, 4 Risks, 7 Princess, 8 Chop, 9 Retreat, 11 Lateral, 13 Prepare, 15 Super, 18 Tutor, 19 Examined, 20 Right, 21 Endure. Down: 1 Supper, 2 Miner, 3 Shelter, 4 Rescue, 5 Separate, 6 Stupid, 10 Gland, 12 Message, 13 Patter, 14 Arrest, 16 Piled, 17 Budget.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

With Hearts You Win...Or Lose

BY HARRY WEINERT









## SURELY "THE" SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR THEY CALL HIM THE GRANDDAD OF SPORT

They call him the Granddad of Sport. He has been a Colonel, Member of Parliament, racing motorist, yachtsman, scientist, air pilot, winter sportsman, chess expert and industrialist. He is Lord Brabazon of Tara, Man of Speed.

John Theodore Cuthbert Moore-Brabazon, M.C., was 71 this week (Feb. 8). It is almost a wonder he has lived that long. For he is an adventurer—in sport and politics—with danger his partner.

Instead of celebrating his ripe old age in an arm-chair buried in a newspaper, "Brab" was off in search of speed. He found it on the Cresta Run at St. Moritz and climbed up yet another speed victory.

He averaged 45 miles an hour over the three-quarter mile course to win the handicap. His nearest rival was NINETEEN FORTY.

No arm-chair and slippers for this old timer. He was chased in helmet, special knee caps, goggles, and metal-tipped skis.

He has been down Cresta every year, including the war, since 1907, and his thought of retiring.

### MAKES SURE

He gets aside part of his holiday to make sure he gets there.

What had this "budding sportsman" to say after his amazing victory? "Well, you know, my boy," (he was speaking to a man over 40) "I think my success was due to a certain secret—my sure feeling on the first run down."

"This was my first run this year. One usually makes a run or two before the holiday."

But the year I did not do so. As a general rule the first run in the handicap is taken more

slowly, you know, feeling the way and all that. "But I let her rip and made a very good speed. This helped me in the handicap over the three runs and built up my time tremendously to make me the winner."

And what did Lord Brabazon think of his competitors? "Dashed good lot of riders this year, my boy. Dashed good."

Lord Brabazon does not go in for scratch racing any more. "I cannot get off as well as I did when I was younger."

"You see you have to go ten feet behind the starting line, push like hell and then throw yourself flat on your machine. With my fat stomach I cannot do that any more."

Now this Grand Old Man who has lived a full and fast life plans new worlds to conquer. He aims to compete in Stock Car Racing.

### "VERY AGREEABLE"

It is not a remarkable sport, he says. "But it is very agreeable. It gives you a funny kind of pleasure—you feel like the sort of thing you would like to do in the middle of a friendly when you are in a bad temper."

Certainly it could be no more hazardous than when he became the first Englishman to fly in England, or when he gained a £1,000 prize for flying a

circular mile in an all-English machine in 1909; or won the Circuit des Ardennes motor race in 1907.

A new instrument of speed is like a new toy to Lord Brabazon—something that must be investigated.

It has been that way all along. So it was not surprising when the world's largest aircraft—the Brabazon—was named after him.

Lord Brabazon is no sporting play-boy. He is chief of Associated Commercial Vehicles group, President of the Royal Institution, a past Chairman of the Royal Aero Club, past President of the Royal Aeronautical Society, a former Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport.

A personality himself, he admires the achievements of others. He has often said he would gladly have given his life for Sir Winston Churchill ("for whom I was Parliamentary Private Secretary"), for Lord Trenchard (under whom I served as a junior and self-effacing official Darwin ("Bernard and the great and lovable").

Serious though he can be and often is, he will always possess a boyish spirit of adventure.

Were he as young as he felt on February 8, Lord Brabazon would receive the key of the door.

(London Express Herald)



Lord Brabazon — ready for action. — Express Photo.

### WEEK-END SOFTBALL

## Portugal Meet Pakistan Tomorrow

The Portugal v. Pakistan Men's International Series semi-final match will be the main feature of this week-end's softball. An added attraction will be the Delawareans tangle with CAA of the Senior "A" League.

The Portuguese team is drawn from some of the best players from the Braves, St. Joseph's, Blackhaws "A" and Warriors and will be captained by Arturo Ozorio of the Saints. Heavy sluggers and safe hands are here in abundance.

Included in the Portuguese line-up are moundmen frontliner Vic Pedraza and the Saints and wizard Fernando Marques of the Warriors. Behind the plate are sturdy Manuel Gutierrez of Braves andinky Curues Souza of Blackhaws.

On the base stations will be such outstanding fielders as Carlos Vranovich of the Braves, lefty Eric Remedios of Blackhaws, Keystone sack watchmen are veteran Arturo Ozorio and first-footed Eddie Leiteiro of Braves. Hot corner guardians are Junior Remedios of Braves and Manuel Naves of Blackhaws. In the windy alley are Tony Osmund of Braves and wily Mr. X of Warriors. Roaming the outer field will be Johnny Pereira, Gerry Remedios and Tony Rodrigues of Blackhaws, Tony Gutierrez of Braves and Joaquim Vranovich and Gussie Pereira of the Saints.

With such good combinations and well balanced departments, they are expected to whip the Pakistanis by a comfortable margin.

The Pakistan team consists of players from the Saints, Braves, Comets, former Rexes and Griffins. Except that their battery is a little weak, other departments are as strong as their opponents.

On the slab is young left-hander A. R. Salich of Saints and guarding the home plate is O. K. Dullah of Griffins. The infielders are A. Ditta, Sherry Bucks, Benny Omar of Saints on bases and Tiger Hussain of Braves roving between bases. Patrolling in the outer garden will be A. Rukhna, A. G. Ismail, and Jindoo Hussain of the Saints and slandbys are A.K. Ismail of Rexes, Gary and Reggie Hamet, R. Osman and S. Kadir of Comets.

Though they are individually not so good as the Portuguese in ball artistry their teamwork and understanding are better because they are mostly Saints players. They may not upset the Portugal team but will definitely give them a stubborn fight.

**LEAGUE STANDINGS**  
Latest standings in all Leagues are as follows:  
Sr. "A" League  
Pandas "A" ..... 9 8 1,889  
St. Joseph's ..... 9 9 1,889  
CAA ..... 10 7 3,700

### PENTANGULAR RUGGER TOURNEY

## Police Could Beat The Club Today

Says "PAK LO"

On the Police Recreation ground at Boundary Street, the Army, winners of the Pentangular Rugger Tournament, clash in one of their remaining Pentangular games with the Navy at 3.00 p.m. this afternoon. Following this the Club and the Police will meet at 4.15 p.m.

The Army have made one surprise change in their fifteen this week. Instead of Brentford, Keir is playing at fly half. Keir, it will be remembered, shone in the finals of the Inter-Unit Knockout Competition when he captained the King's Own against the 72nd LAA.

On that display it is not entirely surprising to see him given a chance today, especially since the Army cannot afford to try out different combinations in preparation for next season, without affecting their claim to the Pentangular title should they lose.

Potter returns to the full back position, while Reid is this week selected to be the hooker again, in preference to Barker. Harrison is the one change in the three line, taking Edwards' place on the right wing, while Edwards moves into right centre berth.

**SIX NEW MEN**  
Although the Army had brought a total of six new men into the lineup, every one of them has been battling for a place in the team for some time past and the Army today is only very slightly weaker than they have been of late.

The Navy has also had to make quite a few changes. Seven in all, due, of course, to ships having left port recently. No New Zealanders are in the team this week, but a lot of old faces have returned to take their places in the team.

Lloyd moves up to the centre three position, while Fleet will play either on the right wing or at full back. In the latter position he has played for Devonport Services, so should be of great use in either spot. Barton is promoted from fly half to scrum half, and Allwood moves in to Barton's previous place.

The result of these many changes is that the Navy has a good pack, but it will be lacking that touch of "devil" in the loose which Hata and Newman supplied so well.

With Lloyd and Hewitt in the centre the three should combine successfully but the Army back line looks, in comparison, the more powerful.

The Army should prove the better in the forwards and, in all, it looks like another win for the Army. However, they may run into trouble in the form of the Navy's hard tackling three line, and though this should be a good game the result should seldom be in doubt.

**POLICE CAN WIN**  
In the second game the Police have lost Slevin and Marsh is a rather doubtful starter. Despite this I think the Police can win today.

It will be touch and go, but since the beginning of the season they have improved almost beyond recognition, whilst the Club, which has a marvellous selection of forwards, has lost all its good

three and has been unable to replace them.

With Lloyd at scrum half the Police three should get a good service and they are capable of pushing down the Club attacks and going through the weak Club defence.

Carpenter drops back from the pack to full back and should become the stumbling block to all attempts to score by the Club.

The Club pack is far superior to the Police one, and should get the larger share of the ball in everything, but the three line and halves do not look impressive.

Spencer on the wing is improving with every game but does not see enough of the ball. Petrie, who did well against the Army at full back, shifts back to his old position of wing forward, and this I feel is a tactical error.

While it increases the power of the strong pack it does so at the expense of weakening the already weak defence.

Penman is shifted up to fly half, while Hickson drops back once again to full back.

Obviously to win the Club must rely on their forwards almost entirely and, while they may score, in comparison with the Police three it will not be enough.

Unless the Police repeat their old mistakes of breaking too fast from the scrum, and going offside, there is nothing to stop them from winning.

Should they, however, give away any penalties they can be sure Petrie will take full advantage of his chances and convert their mistakes into three valuable points.

Overall the Police should today break their duck, and win, but it will be a close thing.

**THE TEAMS**  
Army: Potter, Harrison, Edwards, Kiribson, Ingall, Keir, Parkinson, Bowan, Reid, Tindell, Jealous, Ferry, McGuey, Colly, Hall.  
Navy: A.N. Other, Merrideth, Lloyd, Hewitt, Fleet, Allwood, Barton, Brampton, Annandale, Harris, Jones, Reeves, Stubbs, Culverwell.  
Club: Hickson, Spencer, Bromhall, Kilvert, Morrison, Penman, Cole, Rogers, V. Russell, Sinek, Farquharson, Barker, Petrie, Kerr, Campbell.  
Police: Carpenter, Nash, Scott, Marsh, Stevens, A. N. Other, Brown, Lloyd, Colborne, Maygep, Harris, Ferry, Shelley, Dunncliffe, Dawson, Bryan.

**FIJIANS COMING**  
From Singapore comes the latest news of the Fijians. Last week they won the Singapore-Malaya final of the FAHCEL

Rugby Competition, easily overcoming the other finalists, REME-Singapore by the rather colossal score of 40 points to 3. As a result of this they will shortly arrive in the Colony to compete against the 72nd LAA in the final of the Competition.

They are due to arrive here on March 5 and will depart on March 20. During this period a fairly large schedule has been arranged for them.

They will play in all four games, as follows:

Wednesday, March 9, versus Combined Civilians.  
Friday, March 11, versus 72nd LAA (not March 3 as previously arranged.)  
Monday, March 14, versus the Colony.  
Wednesday, March 16, versus Combined Services.

### Sports Diary TODAY

**Soccer**  
Senior Shield Semi-finals: Club v Army (Club) 3.45 p.m.  
Junior Shield Semi-finals: Eastern v Army (Club) 3 p.m.  
Div. 2: Army v Club (City) 2.30 p.m.; Sing Tao v Police (Navy) 2.30 p.m.; CAA v Western (Navy) 2.30 p.m.; St. Joseph's v Roadworks (HV) 2.30 p.m. Both matches at 4 p.m.  
Div. 3: Little Sai Wan v RMC (S.K.P.) 2.30 p.m.; Tienchow v Tramways (HV) 2.30 p.m.; Both matches at 2.30 p.m.  
CMU v Prisoners (HV) 2.30 p.m.; KMB v Hollandia (HV) 2.30 p.m.

**Athletics**  
27 HAA Annual Athletic Meeting Boundary Street 3.30 p.m.  
Juniors: 2.30 p.m.; KGV v Victorians (K.P.) 2.30 p.m.

**Rugby**  
Navy v Army: Police v Club. 2.30 p.m.  
Schools Championships at DBS 2.30 p.m.

**Cricket**  
Seventh Annual Race Meeting at Happy Valley 2 p.m.  
Div. 1: Army v University; KCC v C.C.C.; RAF v Recreation; Army "North" v University; HKCC Optima v Navy.  
Div. 2: University v Navy; Recreation v DBS; IRC "A" v KCC.

**TOMORROW**  
**Soccer**  
Senior Shield Semi-final: South China v Kitchener (CH) 3.45 p.m.  
Junior Shield Semi-final: South China v Kitchener (CH) 2 p.m.

**Cricket**  
Div. 2: Army v RAF; Police v RCO "B".  
**Men's Hockey**  
Div. 1: Army "B" v RAF "A" (S.K.P.) 2 p.m.; Recreation "A" v Recreation "B" 2.30 p.m.; Navy Bharat v Dutch HC (K.P.) 3.30 p.m.  
Div. 2: Kungs v KRC (K.P.) 11 a.m.; Police v Bookkeepers "A" (Police Gd) 11 a.m.; RAF "B" v Army "C" (Kai Tak) 3.30 p.m.; Schoolboys "B" v R.V. "B" (S.K.P.) 3.30 p.m.; HKCC v HKAAF (S.K.P.) 11 a.m.

**Golf**  
Annual Inter-Club at Fanling.

### THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB SEVENTH RACE MEETING Saturday 12th & Saturday 19th February, 1955. (To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 18 RACES.  
The First Ball will be rung at 1.00 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.  
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

#### MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.  
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges, at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary or the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tables will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

#### PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.  
MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

#### SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing messages on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

#### CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$18.00 each per day and \$36.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices during normal office hours until 11.00 a.m. on the first day.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting, provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 6, D'Aguiar Street and 382, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on both days of the Meeting.

#### SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 9th April, 1956, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

#### TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.  
ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.  
PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.  
Bookmakers, Tie Tao men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards  
H. MISA, Secretary.

### Boxing Show This Evening

(By a Boxing Correspondent)

At last these two teams meet this evening after the many challenges REME have thrown out. The Navy have quite a strong team, which includes two RAF boys, namely LAC Johnson and LAC Cameron, these two lads take on Cfn. Lagergren and Cfn. Mullen respectively, but on form I think REME to win after the brilliant way they defeated the RAF a couple of weeks ago.

It must also be taken into consideration that REME have had five lads in the Land Forces Championships and walked away with the light middle and middle weight divisions, and were unlucky not to take the flyweight and bantamweight class.

Young Hudson very narrowly lost to Pte. Churton of the North Staffordshire Regt. and earns the chance of a return match in this contest. Cfn. Smythe had to retire with a cut eyelid after having a good first round. You can see all these lads in action this evening at the Missions to Seamen, commencing at 6.30 p.m.

#### GOOD ENTERTAINMENT

I won't say this is a show you should not miss, but it will provide good entertainment and first class boxing. I would like to add that to all Cfn. Mullen's many fans, this is the last time you will have the pleasure to see him in action, as he returns to the U.K. on Feb. 14 despite the persuasive efforts of W.O.I. Brenner, REME to get him to stay and fight in the FAHCEL Championships at Singapore.

All are welcome to come along and give him a good sendoff. Hongkong will miss this brilliant young REME boxer.

The collection from this show will go to Miss Didden's Babies' Home at Shatin, a very deserving Charity.

The promoters of this show are none other than those two fine organisers, W.O.I. George Brenner and C.F.O. Jimmy Bennett. It's nice to see these two getting together. It must put on record that the expenses for this show have been very kindly taken care of by several of the Colony's business houses.

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HAVE I FORGOTTEN ANYTHING?

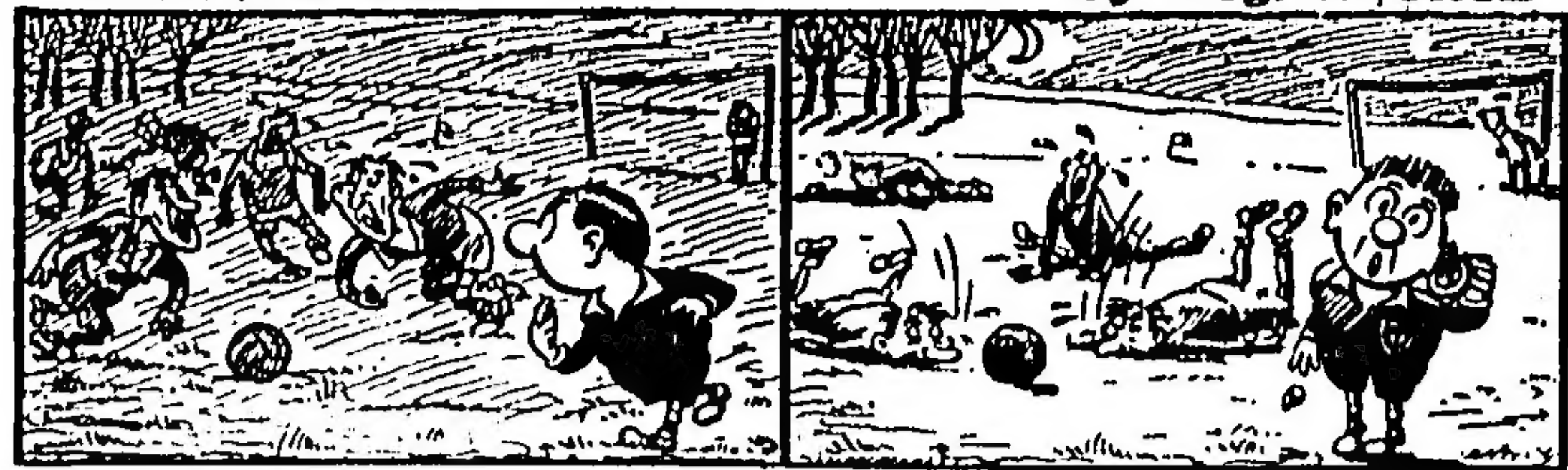
YES - TO INVITE A FEW GUESTS!

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CEMENT COMPANY LTD.



## SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



## LEAGUE CRICKET

## Army South Can't Afford To Lose Four Points To The RAF Today

By "GOOGLY"

The situation at the top of the First Division Cricket League table may be considerably changed after this afternoon's games which see Royal Air Force and Army South battling it out at Kai Tak and Optimists at home to Reccio at Chater Road.

Two more of the First Division matches could also considerably affect the relative standings. KCC meet the Scorpions and Army North meet Craighengower.

The Kai Tak match result will be most important in the battle for Championship honours as, while the Scorpions have 39 points from 15 games, the army have 27 from 11 games and a potential of 43 if they remain undefeated in their next four. Should they manage a win against Army South, the RAF will be very nicely placed in the Championship race.

Army South's batting form was far from spectacular last week as Craighengower's indifferent bowling dismissed them for 123 runs. The army have the all-round potential to pull off a victory, but even the extra half hour's play may not be enough to avoid a sharing of two points should both teams essentially be determined not to lose.

Reccio were unfortunate last week in just failing to take all four points from the Scorpions. A draw is a not unlikely result of this match, but Reccio cannot afford another setback in their fight for points.

If Craighengower's current batting slump continues, Army North should experience no great difficulty in taking all the points.

Scorpions' batsmen, on the other hand, are beginning to touch their form of previous seasons and KCC will have the

greatest difficulty in salvaging even one point. Navy will be hosts to University at King's Park on a wicket without the usual mauling with the top dressed with loosely packed sand. First knock will be a disadvantage to either team and if the sailors but first the University may well finish the season with at least one point if not four.

## JUNIOR DIVISION

There will only be two games in the Junior Division this afternoon. JRC "A" meet KCC and University are at home to the Navy. The first match should be interesting.

Tomorrow, Police meet JRC "B" at Sookunpoo and King George V School meet Dick-yard.

The best game in the Division, between Army and RAF, will also be played on the adjoining Army ground at Sookunpoo tomorrow. The army, at present leading the table, are up against tough opposition and will have to struggle against the likely possibility of an Army victory.

The game between Reccio and Diocesan Boys' School has been postponed.

## TODAY'S GAMES

## First Division

Navy v University  
Optimists v Reccio  
Army North v CCC  
RAF v Army South  
KCC v Scorpions  
Police (bye)

## Second Division

Diocesan v Navy  
Reccio v DIBS (postponed)  
JRC "A" v KCC

## LEAGUE CRICKET AVERAGES

## BATTING

(Qualification—200 runs)

	Inns.	Runs	H.S.	N.O.	Ave.
I. L. Stanton (Scorpions)	9	329	68	5	82.25
F. A. Weller (Scorpions)	7	283	95	1	47.1
D. Cuffey (KCC)	12	320	92	5	45.7
G. Souza (CCC)	12	309	108	2	39.9
Power (RAF)	9	261	101	2	37.2
Medd (Army South)	15	401	50	4	34.4
Withall (Army South)	14	412	75	2	34.3
Green (RAF)	11	226	53	4	32.2
G. H. Pritchard (Optimists)	13	334	102	2	30.3
C. N. Gosain (Reccio)	13	301	77	2	27.3
C. J. Leader (Optimists)	13	327	101	1	27.2
L. Russell (Army North)	11	291	77	0	26.4
R. M. Macpherson (Optimists)	11	244	87	0	22.1
T. G. C. Knight (Scorpions)	10	205	54	0	20.5

\*Not out.

## BOWLING

(Qualification—15 wickets)

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Average
Clark (Army South)	138	29	439	55	7.98
R. Jenner (KCC)	55.7	3	242	26	9.3
St Johnston (Army North)	35.7	5	177	19	9.3
B. C. Carnell (KCC)	75.0	20	291	31	9.3
Young (Army North)	80.5	14	250	26	9.0
Dowling (Army South)	79.3	11	209	30	9.0
C. N. Gosain (Reccio)	150.1	10	574	55	10.4
W. M. Davidson (KCC)	74.2	9	300	27	11.1
Withall (Army South)	81	18	256	23	11.2
Power (RAF)	75.3	6	375	30	12.5
C. A. Gutierrez (Reccio)	55.3	2	250	20	12.8
Lipcombe (Army North)	67.4	2	343	26	13.1
D. W. Leach (Scorpions)	90.1	6	500	38	13.2
Birley (RAF)	79.7	9	333	22	15.1
K. G. Spink (Optimists)	87	14	288	19	15.2
G. H. Pritchard (Optimists)	101	17	440	29	15.2
C. H. Pritchard (Optimists)	60.0	8	308	24	15.3
H. R. O. Hubble (Optimists)	63.2	9	417	26	16.0

## SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

## COMMONSENSE TRIUMPHS AT LONG LAST WITH THE COMMITTEE OF THREE

By I. M. MacTAVISH

The soccer sidewalks have been buzzing with many topics during the week and argument, controversy and comment have been prolific. The subjects discussed are many and varied but several of them are by no means new to readers of this column.

The first of these concerns the fact that at long last a Committee of Three has now been set up by the Hongkong Football Association to SELECT referees to officiate in games against visiting sides.

This is the biggest single step forward that has been made in local football in years and it is indeed cheering to realise that as far as show games go the new autonomous Referees' Body has been banished to an appropriate place in the Deliberate Mistake Department of our Chamber of Horrors.

The members of the new Committee of Three have been well selected. All of them have a wealth of experience and an intimate understanding of the requirements of their office and we can be hopeful that nothing but benefit will come from this long-overdue arrangement.

The subject of SELECTING referees for big games has been a frequent topic in this column for some time and although recent circumstances have precipitated a lot of publicity for it, it is interesting to recall that as far back as December 5, 1953, I wrote inter alia the following:—

"I believe it is the system of selecting referees for the big games that is wrong. In the home countries referees are selected for games—particularly big games—on merit. There is no question of blind allegiance to a roster and until a similar system is adopted in the Colony there must always be a chance of getting an unsuitable referee nominated for a big game, just because he happened to be next on the list...."

However, real progress has now been made. It has taken a long time to cut through the stubborn prejudice but, as good things are usually worth waiting for, let us say "Thank-you" to the football councillor who was instrumental in bringing the scheme to fruition and look forward to improved soccer entertainment as a result.

## POOR TRAINING

When the Council of the Hongkong Football Association held a meeting the other evening Major A. C. A. Walker raised the point of the duration of games played in Hongkong.

He pointed out that to play only 70 minutes was poor training for international competition and his suggestion that the regulation time of 90 minutes should be played has received favourable comment in other sections of the Colony press.

I have strong views on this matter and once again it is interesting to recall that as long ago as December 12, 1953, in one of my weekly Talking Points I raised this very issue.

My remarks at the time were: "Why are our 1st Division games of only 70 minutes duration? International competition is over the 90 minutes course and our players should be given the regular opportunity of playing the full time. Let us keep the shorter time for the minor divisions, but our senior players must be capable of lasting the longer period, and they must get that experience in League games."

Some months ago I pursued this subject in correspondence with two prominent players who had returned to the United Kingdom. Both of them stated quite definitely that one of their greatest difficulties in rehabilitating themselves in British football was getting used again to the extra 20 minutes that had to be played.

One of them said that his judgment of effort in relation to playing time was so badly at fault that he frequently found himself tired out just when his teammates were getting ready for a final burst.

Major Walker's resurrection of the matter is both timely and important, and as I said more

than a year ago, no association with real international ambitions can hope to see these realised. If the domestic preparation is abbreviated.

For a 15 rounds fight a boxer must train over at least 15 rounds... for a 90 minutes' football match our players must surely follow the same principle and train over the full distance.

## BURNING QUESTION

If the new Government Stadium at Sookunpoo has cars then they must surely have been burning during the past week or two. Word of mouth is always a vulnerable news link and it is probable that many of the current stories going the rounds have been embellished, distorted and twisted in vocal transit.

However on the basis "that where there's smoke there's fire" it would appear that many people are worried about the role the new stadium is going to play in local soccer affairs... and what is much more important... how it is going to influence the financial structure of the game.

Naturally the Hongkong Football Club and the South China Athletic Association are most closely concerned in the rumormongers' gossip, and, according to the story-teller's affinity or otherwise to these organisations, so the context of the story changes.

Certain documents concerning the role of the new stadium are already in circulation and, while at this stage it would be wrong to suggest that anything contained therein is completely inflexible, it would also be wrong to let things get far without an open declaration of policy.

I know in general terms what has been said and the matter so far, but I believe that every fair-minded individual, while applauding the construction of the new stadium, will agree that nothing that happens now should be allowed to act to the detriment of the two clubs who, by their own initiative and industry, have already incurred heavy financial commitments to provide us with fine modern stadia. These two clubs are—and have been for many years—within the orbit of the game and they deserve all the fair support they can get.

It is no secret that many folks feel that the present hiring charges for both of the grounds are far too high, but that is a matter for sensible inter-club and association-club discussion, and must not be allowed to count far too much in the formulation of loyalties when the matter of the new stadium comes up for discussion.

## SHIELD SEMI-FINALS

Whatever this week's soccer programme lacks in bulk it makes up for in importance as the semi-final games in both the Senior and Junior Shields are scheduled for decision.

Here is the full programme:—

## TODAY

Junior Shield Semi-final: Army v. Eastern at Club Stadium, 2 p.m.  
Senior Shield Semi-final: Army v. Club at Club Stadium, 3.45 p.m.

## TOMORROW

Junior Shield Semi-final: South China v. Kitchee at Caroline Hill, 2 p.m.  
Senior Shield Semi-final: South China v. Kitchee at Caroline Hill, 3.45 p.m.

From a crowd-pulling point of view the meeting of South

Wherever you are—



# BOOTH'S

## FINEST DRY GIN

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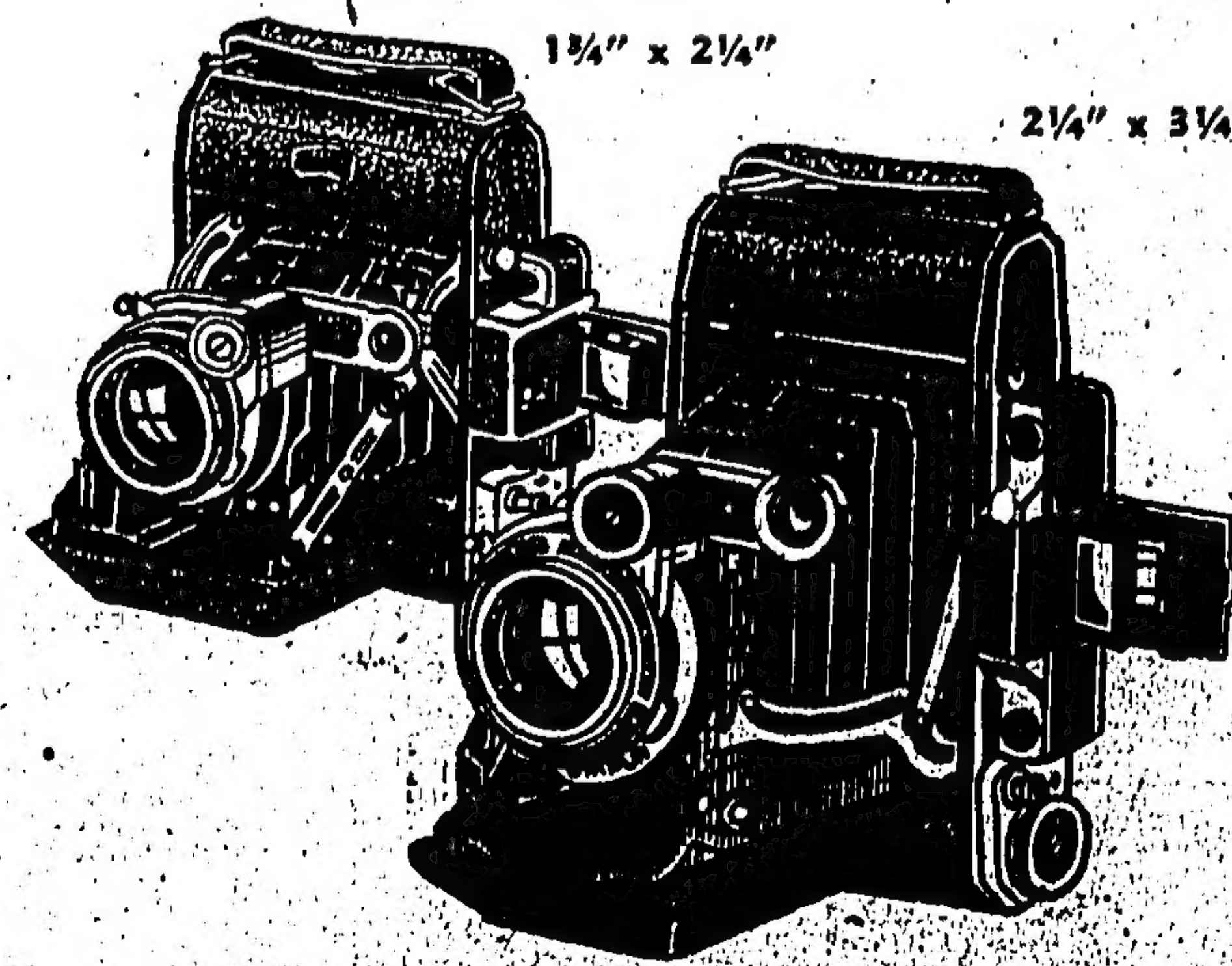
## THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



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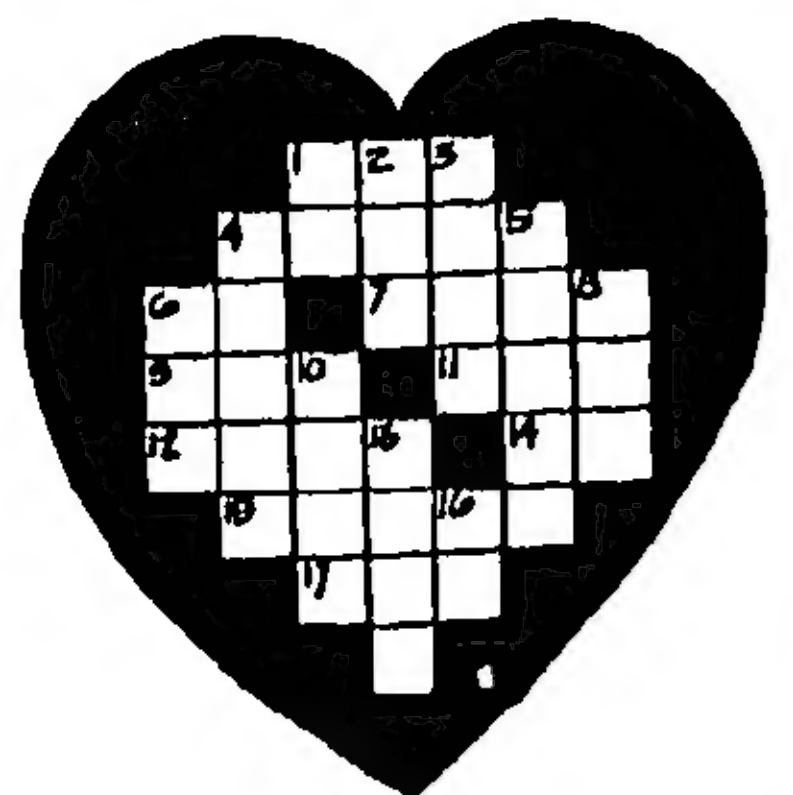
# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

DIAMOND

Cartoonist Cal has made this crossword puzzle on the silhouette of a HEART in observance of St Valentine's Day.



ACROSS

- 1 St Valentine's — is next week
- 4 Fountain drinks
- 6 Pronoun
- 7 Amperes (ab.)
- 9 Assam silk worm
- 11 Perched
- 12 Small pastry
- 14 "Empire State" (ab.)
- 15 These are sent to loved ones on this day
- 17 Born

DOWN

- 1 Accomplish
- 2 Girl's name
- 3 Sweet potatoes
- 4 Ice pinnacle
- 5 Bridges
- 6 Encountered
- 8 Pigeon
- 10 Persia
- 13 Woody plant
- 16 Down cast (ab.)

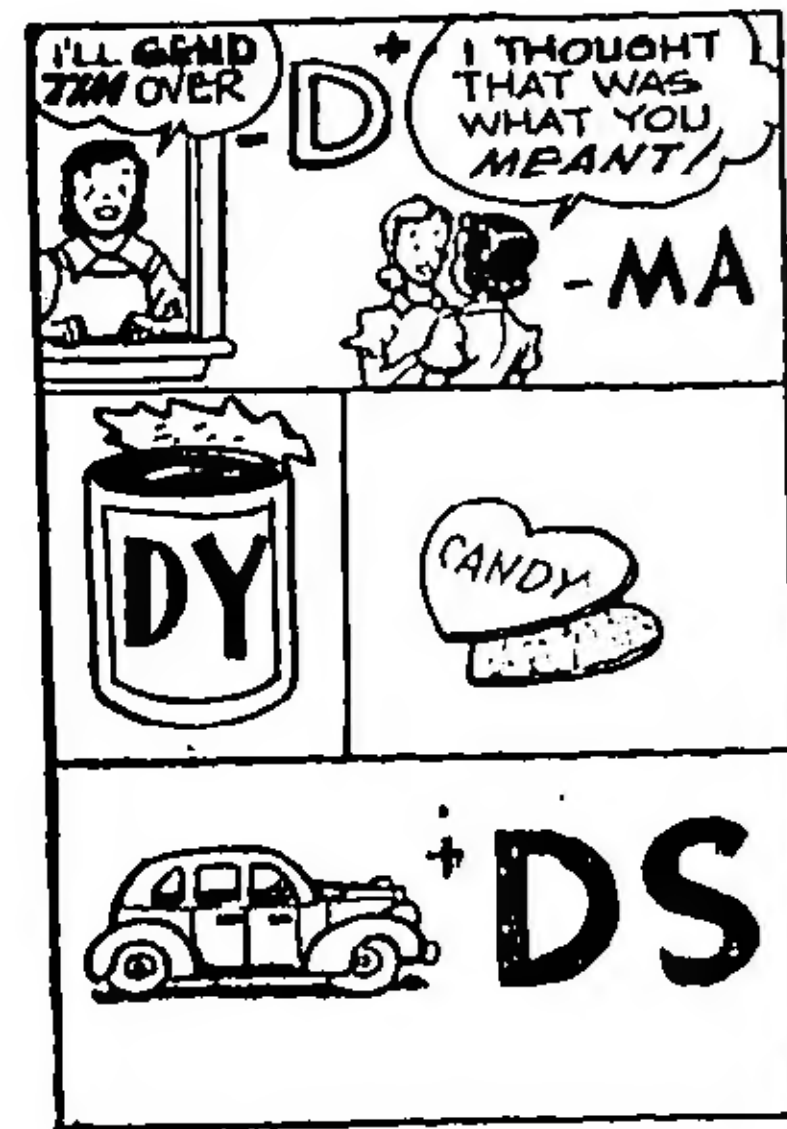
MIX-UPS

Three items pertaining to Valentine's Day are hidden here by the Puzzleman. Just rearrange the letters to beat him to the punch:

SER FOWL  
COLT SO SHAME  
CAL DYES ARC

VALENTINE DAY REBUS

You can beat the Puzzleman at his own game if you use the words and pictures in this rebus to your fullest advantage:



This week's diamond is based on a LOVER. The second word is "at this time" and the fourth is "a small tumour." Can you solve this quickly?

L  
O  
V  
E  
R

SCRAMBLED SENTENCE

Help the Puzzleman out by putting this Valentine's Day sentence into good order:

Valentine regarded the saint unhappy Saint is as patron of lovers.

(Solutions on Page 20)

## QUICK! See What's FACT In The FUN

1. PRAYING MANTIS
2. APPIAN WAY
3. OYEZ
4. HANSARD
5. BAKSHEESH
6. BANDANA
7. GEIGER COUNTER
8. GROG

QUIZ BY JOHN DOOLE

ATTENTION boys and girls! Here's a What-d'you-know? quiz to test your wits.

It's a quiz with a smile. It tests your knowledge—and your sense of humour.

So now, all eyes on the blackboard: See those names, praying mantis, Appian Way, and so on? Well, now look at the numbered list below marked (a) and (b).

A praying mantis is either "a large insect" or an "Asiatic religious sect." One is right and the other comically wrong. YOU say which is which.

After completing all eight tot up your score by comparing with the answers on Page 20. Off you go:

1. (a) Large insect.
- (b) Asiatic religious sect.
2. (a) Medieval torture.
- (b) Old Roman road.
3. (a) American slang word.
- (b) Old word meaning "Hear ye."
4. (a) Parliament reports.
- (b) American university.
5. (a) Eastern term for a tip.
- (b) Mongolian sailor.
6. (a) Old Spanish dance.
- (b) Red-spotted handkerchief.
7. (a) Old German boxing style.
- (b) Instrument for measuring "radio-action."
8. (a) Beverage issued by the Navy.
- (b) Legendary giant.

(Answers on Page 20)

## "Valentine's Day" Custom Started In Early Rome

By Ernest S. Kelly

FAR back in the dim, half-forgotten past the festival celebrating February 14 as Saint Valentine's Day originated.

How or why is as hazy as the records that tell the strange tale. What we know of St Valentine is a mixture of myth, legend and ancient custom. Today, St Valentine's Day means a day of laughter, joke and fun, dedicated to that chubby, rosy-cheeked little fellow with the bow and arrow, namely, Dan Cupid. St Valentine's Day isn't an official holiday; but many years ago it was as important as Christmas or New Year's Day.

The day, most historians agree, is named for Saint Valentine, the "lovers' saint." Some experts claim that St Valentine never existed; yet there appears to be ample proof that he lived in the third century after the death of Jesus Christ; and was a Christian bishop who suffered martyrdom under orders of Emperor Claudius on February 14, 271 A. D.

According to the legend, Emperor Claudius, at Rome, passed a law forbidding marriage. His reason being that married men make poor soldiers, and he needed many soldiers, hence the cruel order.

The news made Bishop Valentine very sad, and he tried to help young lovers. Regardless of danger to himself, Bishop Valentine held secret meetings with

young lovers and married hundreds of young couples despite the new law.

Spies, seeking favours, carried the news of the marriages to the court and Emperor Claudius flew into a violent rage, and imprisoned Bishop Valentine. The good Bishop starved and finally died behind prison walls. The Church made him a Saint and allotted February 14, the day he died, to him.

Roman youth, for whom Valentine died, set aside February 14 as "true lovers' day" and sent romantic greetings to each other in his name.

The custom grew and spread to other countries.

During the Middle Ages it became the custom for youths in England, Scotland and France to assemble on the evening of Saint Valentine's Day and draw names, by chance, from a flower-decked bowl. Each person drew a slip

called a "Valentine" on which was written the name of some young person present. The person whose name was written on the slip of paper became the holder's sweetheart for that year.

This custom became popular with all classes, until lovers handmade beautiful flowers to each other. When printing became commercially popular, "Valentines" were printed and sold to lovers, thus ending the habit of making one's own "Valentines."

The story of Saint Valentine has never been proven, but February 14 is still celebrated all over the world as "St Valentine's Day" and will be celebrated as such for a long time to come.

★ ★ ★

## Valentine Games For Group Entertainment

By VIOLET M. ROBERTS and IRMA HEGEL

MAKE-A-COMIC

VALENTINE — Scatter an assortment of clipped eyes, noses, hair, mouths and ears about the room. Hand each player a sheet of paper, a small mixture of flour-and-water paste in a baking cup together with a toothpick and tell the players to construct a comic Valentine. Line up the results for laughs.

ARE-YOU-A-COMIC — Each player draws a folded paper heart out of a basket. Printed inside the heart is a forfeit. Make the forfeits as hilarious as you can. Here are a few suggestions: Gallop around the room on all fours; shake hands solemnly with everyone; yawn until you have someone else yawning; flash your most devastating smile at each member of the party; give a ballerina's interpretation of the swan-dance.

HEART-GAME — You'll need a bean-bag heart for this game. Players form a circle. One player stands inside the circle. The bean bag is now passed rapidly around by those in the circle. The player inside the ring tries to tag the player who has the heart in his hand. That player then becomes "it."

HEART DARTS — Cut an extra large heart from red cardboard and paste a smaller white cardboard heart in the center for the target. Darts from a regular dart set may be used, or make your own (a lollipop stick with a phonograph needle point).

To hit the target (white heart) counts 15, and to hit the red heart, counts five. Each player has four darts and his score is the total for the four throws. The player having the largest score wins.

COMIC VALENTINES — Remember that comic Valentines are made by hand. For teacher

then got cold feet before you could send it?

Well, comic Valentines are still fun, especially if they are hand-drawn at your Valentine party. Write the guests' names on slips of paper and mix up in a hat. Then the slips are drawn by the "amateur artists."

Along with the slip of paper, give the guest a piece of white paper and a pencil. Instruct him to draw a comic Valentine suitable for the person whose name he drew from the hat.

When the pictures are completed, collect them and thumb-tack them to the wall for the judging event. The pictures are numbered and guests vote on the best Valentine. This winning artist receives a prize.

RHYMING HEARTS — Players are given pencils and paper and a time limit of five minutes is set. The player who writes the most one-syllable words which rhyme with "heart" wins.

Here's your check list: art, cart, car, chart, dart, hart, mart, part, quart, smart, start, and tart.

Rupert watches intently while the conjurer picks up the ball, keeping it close to the point of his wand. For a moment or two nothing happens, but when the man mutters some strange Chinese words, a faint light glows about the ball.

He then holds the ball up, and it glows with a brilliant light. The ball is now in the hands of the conjurer.

★ ★ ★

THE END OF THE LINE

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# CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1955.

**SHEPPER'S**  
ADMIRAL  
**"SNORKEL"**  
PEN

**JOHN CLARKE'S**  
**CASEBOOK**

## Nightmare

IT was late at night, and towards a restaurant that was still open, a tall young man moved purposefully as though the shafts of sudden light that shone from the restaurant's windows on to the pavement, reminded him of something troubling that he had to face—face alone, and then.

The young man pushed through the swing-doors into the restaurant's bright lobby. He was warmly greeted by the waiter who, with a smile, led him to a table. The young man's face was pale, and his hands were trembling. He looked at the waiter and said, "I need a strong drink. I need a strong drink."

**EJECTED**  
He went up to a counter. "That cup of coffee I asked for," he said. "I paid for it, and I never had it." No one seemed to know about the coffee. The young man's voice became high-pitched and loud. "I tell you," he cried, "I paid 8d. and never had the coffee."

A commissionaire came up, smiled at the young man, and began to steer him towards the door. The young man fought half-heartedly but was put out. A moment or two later he came back. He was again ejected. The third time they threw him out, he looked out of the door, breaking the finger of a man who tried to protect himself. A policeman appeared, and the young man was arrested.

### "BE QUIET"

AT the police station, when he was charged, first with being drunk and disorderly, and then with assault, the young man, whose name was Terence, said with terrible urgency: "If you release me from here, I'll commit murder."

"That's right, and I'll commit murder if I'm let go from here," he cried out from the dock at Bow Street, in the morning, when the story was being told to Mr. R.G. Roby. "I tell you, I was rejected, tell me that," he said.

"If you won't be quiet, this case will have to be put back until you calm down," said the magistrate. Terence tossed back his forelock, and became quiet. The commissionaire whose finger he had broken, told of his part in the affair.

### "I PAID"

"ANY questions?" the magistrate asked Terence. "He assaulted me when I went for my coffee," Terence said. "I was waiting for a prescription from the doctor, and I was going to have some coffee while I waited, and I paid 8d. and they never gave me the coffee."

"The suggestion that you assaulted him before he attacked you," said the magistrate to this commissionaire. "No, sir."

### "THEY'VE INJURED ME"

THE commissionaire stood down, and the magistrate said to Terence, "Now it's your turn to tell me what..." "The coffee was grabbed out of my hand," Terence said, not giving Mr. Roby time to read his sentence. "So I said, 'Well, give me the 8d. back.' I tried to break down the doors when they put me out."

### "I TELL YOU, I'LL COMMIT MURDER"

"I tell you, I'll commit murder, if I'm released from here. You see they've injured me, they've injured my mind." He put a hand to his forehead, and closed his eyes. "Then his eyes opened, and the fire and fury was in them again. 'They've injured my mind,' he cried."

### "I'M QUITE SURE THAT YOU WERE DRUNK AND IN A VIOLENT STATE"

"I'm quite sure that you were drunk and in a violent state," said the magistrate. "I am going to remand you for a mental report."

### "THEY LET HIM AWAY, AND HE WENT QUIETLY, WEARILY, A YOUNG MAN DESPAIRING OF GRASPING HIS WAY FROM A LONG, UNENDURABLE DREAM"

"They let him away, and he went quietly, wearily, a young man despairing of grasping his way from a long, unendurable dream."

### "DARK WORDS SOLUTION"

CLARKE'S Dictionary Show, Coast Road, Ching Ching, Tel. 37789. Dark words solution: Coast Road, Ching Ching, Tel. 37789.

## KNIFE ATTACKS

### Large Scale Sweep For Mau Mau Gang ASIAN WOMAN AND SON SERIOUSLY INJURED

Nairobi, Feb. 11. Security forces carried out a large-scale sweep of the Bahrti Kikuyu location of Nairobi today after three savage knife attacks on Asians in the past five days.

They went into action after information obtained from an African suspect. An elderly Asian woman and her middle aged son lay seriously injured in hospital today after being attacked last night. Two previous victims died from their injuries.

The injuries indicate that Mau Mau terrorists are responsible. It is the first time that they have turned their attention directly to Asians. **SAME GANG** An official spokesman said if the attacks were the work of the same Mau Mau gang it was hoped that the sweep of the location would reveal further suspects. Noor Mohammed, his wife Minarbai and son Mohammed

## BELGIAN SOLDIER BACK FROM N. KOREA

Seoul, Feb. 11. A tight security guard was thrown around Belgian Private Josef L. Claes here today following his return to the United Nations side by the Communists on Thursday.

All efforts by newsmen to see the soldier, who spent his last six months with the Reds in North Korea, have failed. Pte Claes, along with Pte Roger F. Hoste, wandered into the Communist side of the neutral zone in Korea which separates Red armies from the United Nations side last August 25.

Pte Hoste today said he preferred to stay in North Korea with the Communists. Reliable sources said that Pte Claes will be flown to Tokyo in the next day or two for hospitalisation and questioning. It was believed that he will face a court martial upon his return to Korea.

There were rumours that the two privates were on a drinking spree when they went North. The Communists have given no reason for the long delay in admitting that they held the two Belgian soldiers.—United Press.

## Britain Let Down Dr Edith's Friend

London, Feb. 11. Dr. Edith Summerskill, Chairman of the British Labour Party, said at Walsall tonight that Britain had "let down" Mr. George Malenkov, deposed Soviet Premier, by failing to welcome seriously his peace co-existence policy.

Dr. Summerskill, who was a member of last year's Labour delegation to Russia and China, and who had a cosy place for her by Mr. Malenkov, added: "I formed the strongest impression that he would respond to an invitation from the British Government."

"The Government has been guilty of a tragic error of omission," she said. "There is still time to rectify it."—Reuters.

## Nautilus Leaves For Shipyard

New York, Feb. 11. The world's first atomic submarine, the Nautilus, left its base at Groton, Conn., today for additional work in the shipyard where it was constructed. When the alterations are complete, the Nautilus will again put to sea for final trials. These will include deep diving tests, speed trials and torpedo firing.

During the 148 hours' trial already carried out, the Nautilus has done more than 1,000 miles and over 50 dives.—France-Press.

## ENGLAND MEET IRELAND TODAY

Dublin, Feb. 11. A further pointer to the strength of the British Rugby Union team to tour South Africa this year will be provided by the Ireland and England match here tomorrow.

It is understood that discussions will be held after the game on the composition of the team to make the tour, which begins in June.

Neither side can lose a second match this season and have a chance of winning the international championship (which also embraces France, Wales and Scotland).

Both lost their first matches, but the sides have been little changed. Ireland who held France here to two points—a penalty goal to a goal—originally made two changes. T. E. Reid, unit to play against France, replaces second row forward W. J. O'Connell, who was injured in the French match. J. T. Gaston, who has also been unfit, comes in for S. J. Byrne on the right wing.

## Lady Eden Will Accompany Sir Anthony

London, Feb. 11. Lady Eden, wife of the British Foreign Secretary, will accompany her husband on his visit to Bangkok for the South-East Asia Treaty Council meeting, the Foreign Office announced today.

Lady Eden, niece of Sir Winston Churchill, will also be with her husband when he visits Singapore and Malaya, after the Bangkok meeting. The Foreign Secretary will fly from London on February 19, breaking the journey at Cairo and Karachi for talks with the Egyptian and Pakistani Governments.

On the return journey, the Edens will pay a brief stop at New Delhi where the Foreign Secretary will see Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister. They are due in London on March 6.—China Mail Special.

## Princess Visits Health Centre

Bridgetown, Feb. 11. Princess Margaret spoke to several Barbadian mothers with children in their arms when she visited a health centre at Speightstown, a north Barbados port today.

She said she was "very impressed" by the centre which is the only one of its kind on the island. The children look very healthy, she said.

The Princess was wearing a terra cotta pink day dress with a full skirt and a wide white collar, and a white straw hat.

She was shown over the centre by Dr. M. A. Byer, Medical Officer of Health for Northern Barbados, who said later: "The Princess told me she was delighted with the work we are doing and was particularly impressed by the health of the children."

The Speightstown Health Centre was opened about two years ago. Its main work is concerned with public health, maternity and child welfare. Today is the third day of the Princess's four-day visit to this little coral island as part of her tour of the Caribbean.

## GERMANY WOULD JOIN GREAT POWERS

Bonn, Feb. 11. Dr Konrad Adenauer, West German Premier, said here today that a four or five power conference on German unification should be held as soon as the Paris Agreements on Western defence had come into force.

Dr Adenauer, who was speaking at a Press reception, said the present Big Four powers (Britain, France, the Soviet Union and the United States) could be made up to five for such a conference as the West German Federal Republic would by then have become a sovereign state.

The Chancellor said such a conference should be very carefully prepared to have any chance of success. He refused to answer a question as to whether he would consider a six-power conference on German unification, including both West and East (Communist) Germany.

Chancellor Adenauer said the conference on German unification could be held before West Germany had an army. The creation of this army would take much longer than he had originally thought, he added.

For the great majority of Germans, he said, the reunification of their country and the integration of Europe were two inseparable aims. Without European unity, German unification will not be possible, he added.

The Chancellor said he hoped France would ratify the Paris Agreements as soon as possible. He declared that the West German parliament would pass them by a large majority.

## SMALLER MAJORITY

He said, however, that there will be a smaller majority for the Saar Agreement, adding, "We shall have to make the best of it."

When asked about the existing relations between Bonn and Saarbrücken, Dr Adenauer said that the wishes of the Saar

## Charming Piano Recital

Before an audience kindly invited by the Consul, the State of Victoria and Madame Louise Van-Ty gave a short and charming piano recital. Her programme consisted of Chopin's Ballade in G minor, Liszt's "Dance of the Gnomes", Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, the two Arabesques of Debussy, and a Suite—"New Year Festival"—composed by the pianist herself.

Madame Van-Ty has studied in Paris, and her composition, which some listeners may have heard broadcast a few days ago, strongly reveals the influence of Debussy and Ravel, notably the latter, whose oriental movement from the "Mother Goose Suite" was much brought to mind.

This kind of Western arrangement of Eastern tunes makes very pleasant and harmonious music, and it is probably the form in which oriental music is likely to become most popular in the West.

Madame Van-Ty is leaving shortly to give concerts in several countries. She intends to return to Hongkong in October and hopes to give recitals here also.—K.K.



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## CHURCH NOTICES

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## NOTICE

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY OF HONG KONG**

Annual Dinner and Dance

The Society's Annual Dinner and Dance will be held in the Peninsula Hotel, 1st Floor, on St. Patrick's Day, Thursday, 17th March, 1955.

A circular giving full details has been sent to members, but in the event of non-delivery, members are requested to apply to the Hon. Secretary for further copies.

Early application for invitations should be made as numbers will be strictly limited. All applications must reach the Hon. Secretary before the 6th March, 1955.

All Irish men and women, and persons of Irish Association, not yet members, are cordially invited to join the Society. Membership application forms may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary.

**T. P. CULLEN,** Hon. Secretary, P. O. Box 615, Hong Kong.

## NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

"ARKNEAR"

Damaged cargo on this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs. Goddard & Douglas, at H.M. Wharf from 10 a.m. on February 13 and 14, 1955, and consignees are requested to have their representatives present during the survey.

**BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE,** Agents. Hongkong, February 12, 1955.

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